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VALOR

ADVENTURES OF COURAGE



A Charlton Publication

SWORD ^{OF THE} GLADIATOR

BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE

TOP SPY THRILLER
EARLY DAYS
OF AUGUST

DEATH
OF A DOG
SOLDIER



MEET
MISS
VALOR
IN
LIVING
COLOR



Muscle Up...

TO A HANDSOME BODY! START NOW WITH THESE

2 Free Muscle Building Gifts



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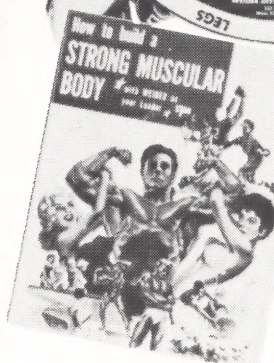
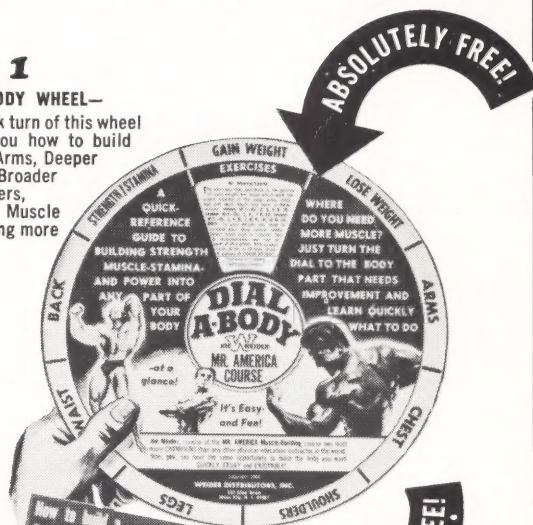
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LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING

TO THE HANDSOME MUSCULAR MEN ON MUSCLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA!

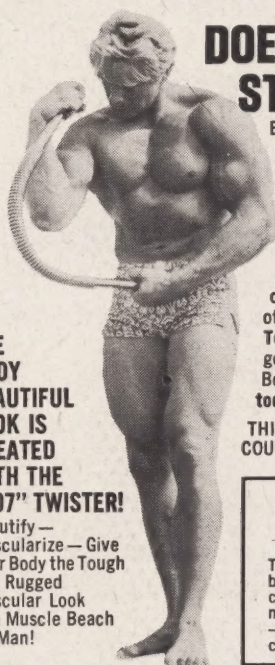
WITH ONE TWIST, IN JUST ONE SECOND, They're Adding Inches of Muscles, To Their Arms, Chest, Shoulders. WHY NOT YOU?

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See For Yourself What Super-Happenings You're In On When You Start Twisting With the "007" TWISTER and Build Your Own Muscular Go-Go, Action-Packed Body—all in the privacy of your own home!

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL LOOK IS CREATED WITH THE "007" TWISTER!
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DOES YOUR BODY LOOK MUSCLE-STARVED? Then become this new breed of wildcat!

Be my guest—use the "007" TWISTER and if 5 minutes doesn't convince you that you too can easily toughen up and put yourself in this exciting, dramatic Muscle Beach setting, return it for a full refund? Fair? My "007" TWISTER is Tough—Durable—

Elegant, made of chromed-steel tubing with easy to hold rubber grippers. As you take it in your hands, the very first twist of its shiny coils will make every muscle in your body COME ALIVE with Vigor and Power! It gently coaxes your arms, chest, back and legs into Super-Muscle Happenings, adding inches of rugged muscle all over your body! It makes you Shape Up—Toughen Up—Muscle Up FAST...the Muscle Beach Way! So start going with the youthful, fun-loving crowd now—bring some Muscle Beach excitement into your life—by ordering your "007" TWISTER today! IT'S GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS—OR MONEY BACK!

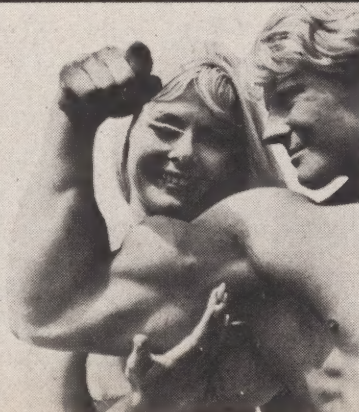
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An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are **Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion.

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what is VALOR?

THE MEANING OF VALOR

The Dictionary says *valor* is a noun meaning courage or bravery. *Valor*, down through the ages, has been the most respected trait any man could have.

Why does one man have it and another does not? What spark sets the hero above the cowards about him when the crisis comes and they face the moment of truth? It isn't bulging biceps that stiffen a man's spine nor is it handsome features or physical stature. The Medal of Honor has been awarded to just as many skinny guys as to big slugger types.

Valor is a quality found in the heart and mind of a man at the moment when fear seems about to render him weak in the face of danger. The gladiators in Ancient Rome seemed to have had it, they were fighting men...so did the Christians, they were peaceful men. A lot of brave men never find out just how much moxie they've got because they'll never have their moment of truth.

Our magazine, *Valor*, will be about brave men.

Men who are professionally brave, men like test pilots, prizefighters, or matadors. Mainly, however, we will recognize the common man who shows uncommon courage, the guy named Joe just down the block who plunges into a burning building or dives into a swollen river to save a life.

Our magazine, *Valor*, will never put the knock on the great country in which we live. We will never print articles or stories which make us ashamed because we're big and strong, at *Valor* we'll never apologize because our people work hard and long and have more of the good things in life to show for their efforts. If we're rich, we earned our wealth. We didn't steal it from anyone else and our sins seem to consist of being overly generous to some

have-not nations who show their gratitude by sneering at our paternalistic attitude.

There are men of valor all around us, showing steadfast courage day after day. Men like the policeman walking his beat, ready for that moment of raw violence when a gun roars or a madman must be subdued. The firemen who ride the trucks day in and day out, going into searing danger so calmly that we almost believe there's nothing for them to be afraid of. But there is. There always is at every fire. A falling wall or an exploding oil tank. Or the thin cry of a child beyond a wall of flame. These firemen aren't robots. They feel that heat and they know fear. But they perform despite the fear and they get their jobs done. Day after Day.

That's Valor!

VIET NAM

In Viet Nam today, a war is being fought. There are 550,000 brave Americans fighting an especially nasty conflict out there. Talk to the men who were wounded in the Viet Nam jungles or who served one, two, or even three hitches out there. They'll tell you about the Viet Cong, a cunning, treacherous, *courageous* little fighting man. They'll describe the incredible jungles they had to hack their way through a step at a time.

There are *snakes* out there. The deadliest in the world and lots of them. Spiders. Mosquitoes. Crocodiles. Tigers too. There are all these horrors to contend with in addition to the enemy who rarely fights a pitched battle but who bushwhacks or employs surprise mortar attacks.

The returning Marines and GIs and the others faced all that but these hideous hazards aren't what really get

him down. What bugs him is the seeming ingratitude from some people here at home. The flower people who sneer at the flag, laugh at a man in uniform, and picket the recruiters in our cities or on college campuses. Our fighting men sometimes think they're in a war no one here at home cares about or wants to be reminded of. That's what hurts the guys dying in Viet Nam most. More than Charlie and the Snakes.

Us!

So, at *Valor*, we hope to let them know we care. We'll use material about Viet Nam (if the Department of Defense will let us have it), and salute the men out there who stand fast when things get rough.

There seems to be a trend in America today toward some 'national leaders' who interpret the mood of the American people. They tell us we can never win the war in Viet Nam. They tell us we can't have guns and butter, meaning we can't fight a war and have a normal supply of consumer goods at the same time. Maybe we can't. But these weepers and wailers sure aren't helping the morale of our people here at home and still less the poor guys in Viet Nam who wonder what in hell *they* are fighting for when so many loudmouths on the home front tell them they're losers anyhow.

Luckily, most folks aren't as gullible as these professional molders of opinion like to believe. There's a strong enduring streak of patriotism that's not going to dry up and blow away before the hurricane of hot air blowing around the country these days. They don't like the war in Viet Nam. Nobody is damn-fool enough to like *any kind* of war. In wars, good men (our *best* men) die, are wounded, mutilated, perhaps crippled for life. That isn't good and nobody says that it is.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

But one man didn't put us in Viet Nam. It wasn't a war-mongering dictator's decision that involved us out there. It began with a Republican president's decision to implement a Democrat's policy and for the last eight years the government in Washington has had to let it grow and grow and grow. Our President Johnson has asked repeatedly for Hanoi to talk peace, for Hanoi to stop sending men and material down the Ho Chi Minh Trail but Hanoi, Peking and, probably Moscow, don't want us to have peace in Viet Nam. So, we're fighting a war we don't want to be in. That doesn't mean we should sneer at ourselves for being out there or that we should not try to secure peace. But we shouldn't feel any national guilt because we're trying to help a people who don't want to be overrun by the Communists.

We've made a million blunders out there. So what? Every great nation that ever engaged in a war made monumental mistakes that seldom become known. We pulled some big boo-boos in WW II too. Now, in Viet Nam, we're muddling along again.

What makes this war different is now the GIs are right there in your living room, being wounded and dying right there on your 21" screen or maybe it's a 25" job in beautiful living color.

Now, we taxpayers can see the tragic waste of war. Of men and material. Every night on the 11 o'clock news we can see these 18 and 19 year-old kids under enemy fire, looking scared sometimes the way young men in wars often do. But now we're *watching*. It sickens us in one way but makes some of us very, very proud of these kids at the same time.

We want this war to end. But most people don't want peace badly enough

for us not to give up what our men have won out there. Most Americans refuse to bow to an enemy that has sworn to bury us. We want our men in Viet Nam to know that we want them home, but as long as they are there, we're behind them.

There's valor all around us in our everyday lives. Showing concern for your fellow man, always being aware of the dangers which threaten you and yours and those around you and being ready and willing to assist others if needed. This is valor not standing and waiting for the other fellow to do what they know must be done.

Remember the word, *Valor*. Treasure it if you know it dwells in your heart. Plant it and make it grow. It will if you care enough.

And remember the magazine, *Valor*. That's what it's all about.



If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

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BRED FOR COURAGE

by E.H. Hart



Photos and illustrations by the author.

the LUSITANO

It was festival time in Villa Franca and I saw the lights of the fair grounds as we turned off the main road from Lisboa forty miles away. Tonight there would be fighting in the bull ring, special contests to celebrate the festival, with highly skilled toreros and brave bulls. There would be fighting from horseback, too, an arena sport particularly Portuguese and one which I had never before seen.

The band was playing a blood-stirring "March of the Matadors" as I took my seat on a circular stone bench inside the arena. Across the ring a gate swung open obeying the silvery summons of a wailing bugle, and the featured toreros stalked into the arena in high-headed arrogance, surrounded by their cape men, a colorful, magnificently costumed group gleaming reckless bravado from the excited applause of the holiday crowd.

Then I saw them, waltzing into the ring behind the toreros; horses fit for Kings

and heroes, their dancing hooves scorning the coarse earth; animals of such rare beauty and balance that they mocked reality, seeming more like the sculpted perfection of a great and gifted artist, and brought to exquisite color and animation by the magic of some pagan god.

Astride each earth-bound Pegasus, plumed and booted in the classical elegance of an eighteenth century cavalier, their riders swayed in delicate rapport with the magnificent steeds.

Lusitano! A name to roll on the tongue, to savor like old wine. A name to conjure up glory and adventure from the romantic past. A name given to this specific equine breed. Lusitano, the horse of courage, the horse of Portugal.

I watched them in the arena as they danced and swayed in dressage patterns to the lilting beat of the lusty music, the lights above limning their proud muscularity with living, flickering streaks of gleaming color. There was

a chestnut, a dark bay, a golden palomino, and a young dappled gray, stallions all, with the fire and arch-necked masculinity achieved only by the ungilded male of the species.

I had seen bull fights in Mexico and Spain and had pitied the quilt-armor padded crowbait riders by the picadores, horses of little worth and questionable courage, their eyes blindfolded so that they would stand against the vicious, battering charge of the bull.

But these Lusitanos were too valuable in breeding, beauty and training to be expendable as are the horses of the picadores. I had heard, too, that in Portugal the fights were bloodless, the bulls being neither killed or maimed. Instead they were returned to the herds after their performance in the ring, if they were truly courageous, to sire others of their fierce mein and fighting instinct who would, in their time of brave

(continued on page 10)



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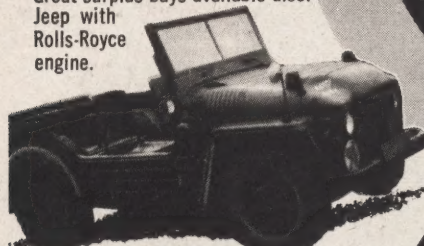
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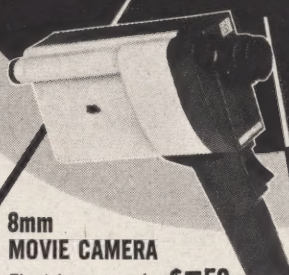
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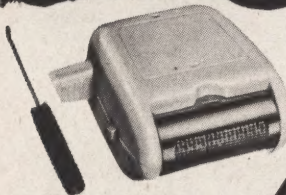
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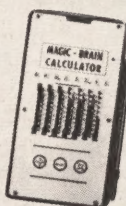
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THE LUSITANO

(continued from page 8)

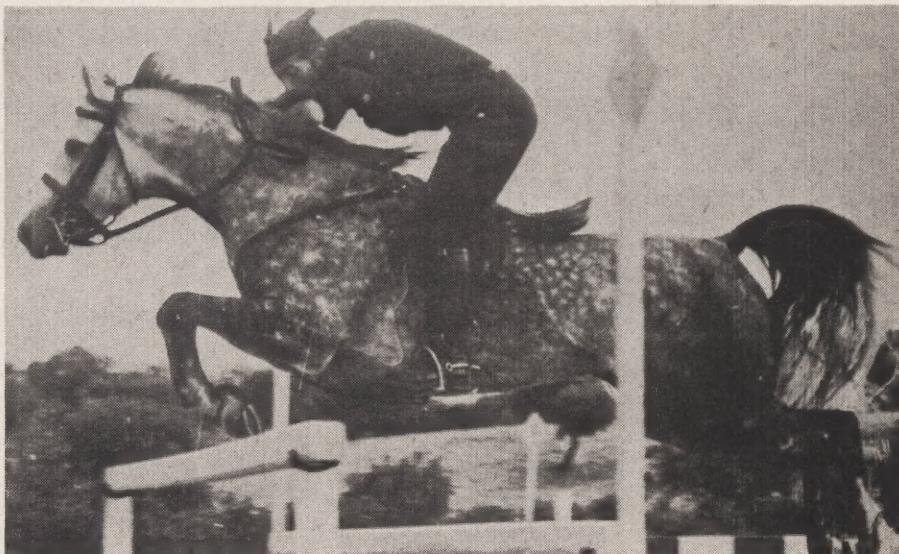
maturity, take their turn in Portuguese bull rings. The results of such breeding selection was obviously exhibited in the superior quality of the bulls used in the arenas of Portugal.

That night, there in the ring at Villa Franca, I watched the Lusitanos pivot and prance, daring, taunting, tantalizing the snorting bulls, moving effortlessly in a superb haute école ballet. Their purpose, as each had his turn in the arena, was to inveigle the vicious bull to charge so that the horse could cut across the line of that charge and put his rider in position to plant a pair of colorful banderillas in the fleshy hump of el toro.

The enraged bull charged like a runaway train, hooking and bellowing at the elusive Lusitano that remained just out of reach of his horns and had the auda-

English. We learned later that he of course spoke Portuguese, his native tongue, very little Spanish, and even less English. He was also, poor man, suffering from arthritis in the small of his back which, in his pain, made it impossible for him to accompany us, anyway when we reached our destination.

The drive to Fonte Boa was a long one, on a winding road past numerous swaying, two-wheeled carts drawn by small horses or donkeys and carrying huge vats of grapes picked from the vineyards that bordered the way. Our driver, despite his arthritic condition, drove his diesel-engined Peugeot as though he was late for an appointment with God, leaning on the car's horn as a warning to all who used the road that destiny was approaching with impossible rapidity. This predilection for speed seems to be an obsession of all Spanish and Portuguese drivers. Put a



A military attendant taking his young charge over the jumps, another test of the courage and willingness of the Lusitano.

city to play him like a matador, but sans cape and sword. Three times in each corrida, or fight, this dangerous maneuver was attempted and completed, the horse coming in and drawing the bull's charge as the rider, a pair of banderillas held high overhead, struck downward, hooking the gay sticks one on each side of the raging animal's hump, until the bull stood pawing the earth in abysmal frustration, angered beyond belief by the proceedings.

Completely captivated by "the horse of courage" I learned through eager inquiry that they were bred by the government of Portugal on a national Lusitano stud farm at Fonte Boa near Santarem. A telephone call to the stud farm assured my wife and me of a welcome and in a hired car we journeyed the forty-odd miles to our destination with a driver who was recommended as being fluent in Spanish, Portuguese, and

Latin behind a car wheel and even the most mannerly and mildest ones become raving speed demons zestfully challenging death at every turn in the road.

Olive and cork trees lent color to the red clay earth from which they grew, and gypsy camps, slumbering idly in the hot sun, whisked past us. Finally, after several stops and much talk and gesticulating between our driver and area natives who, incidentally, always turned gay smiles and pleasant nods our way, we drove off the main road up a wide and quiet driveway bordered by lush grass and bee-buzzing flowers and parked in the shade of vast old trees that spilled their cooling shadows over tidy barns and pebbled paths.

Here we were met by Dr. José Monteiro, the veterinarian and breeding master of Fonte Boa, a handsome,

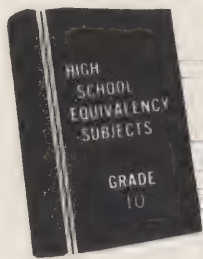
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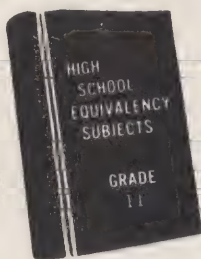
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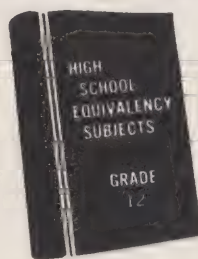
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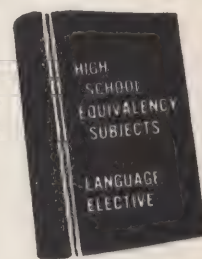
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RUN and you DIE...

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They entered the forest in single file, the Baamba leading, then Van Zyl, Miller, and Kilumbe. The little man carried only a *simi*, for once he had located the quarry his job was done, and he had every intention of removing himself from the operative vicinity before either of the white men engaged themselves in any trial by combat at close quarters. This was not because of any lack of confidence in the stopping power of the white men's guns, nor because he was a coward, but because through some perversity of fate, in the hunting of n'gi, as distinct from the hunting of other creatures, if ever there were accidents it seemed to him always to be the undeserving ones and not the assailants of the beast who suffered.

On one past occasion, when he and a kinsman of his had led five of

N'daska's warriors — unfortunates commanded to satisfy a royal whim for the whole skin of a full grown mate — to within spearing distance, the maddened ape, with three spears implanted in his body but none mortally, having scattered his attackers like chaff, had charged on to overtake and seize the other Baamba, whom he had then literally torn to pieces.

Miller carried his own Mannlicher, and Kilumbe, save that for the time being he was also bearing Van Zyl's express, simply a *simi* for hacking through the undergrowth, like the Baamba.

Inside the forest it was cool and damp, as if the very swirling mists which had masked the mountain top had drifted through it in the night leaving a thin film of moisture over

everything. But the coolness was soft and permeating, quite different from the healthy brittle chill of frost, and the dampness overclouding the natural sheen of leaf and flower with a dull lustreless surface was different from the bright wetness of dew.

The game trails, like the one they were following now, narrow, and few and far between, skirted the more impenetrable patches and wound between the softer stuff of the ferns and liliaceous bushes and past or under the twisted boles of the big trees from whose nooks and crotches orchids drooped, waiting on the sustenance of heat.

And the heat would come soon enough, notwithstanding the vast parasol of the tree-tops, transforming the chill dampness into laden humidity.

As it was, both the white men had begun to sweat after little more than thirty minutes or so, and Kilumbe no longer felt the clammy cold which, earlier, had made him shiver once or twice.

So far the gradient of the trail they were following was not in itself particularly punishing, the track wavering across the run of the slope on a roughly diagonal course. But a mile or two further on they came to an intersection. The second trail led more directly upwards at a steeper angle. For a second or two the Baamba hesitated, and Van Zyl spoke to him sharply. He spoke in Swahili but when the little man replied Miller could only understand a few of the words he used and as they began to move up the steep track he touched Van Zyl's shoulder.

'What was that about...couldn't make out half of it?'

'It's the Baamba dialect of Swahili,' the Afrikander said, 'Kingwana they call it. He was considering whether we had come far enough across the face to start moving higher.'

The sweat was filling their eyes now, running in rivulets from their faces and chests especially, but there was no point in mopping at it, except round your mouth, because it was always back again seconds afterwards. You wiped your upper lip and mouth at times because of the irksome salty taste but otherwise you gave it best and carried on. The heat was really working down through the umbrella of the trees now, and the forest was becoming alive. But aside from the occasional call of birds the overall pattern of silence was

still impressive and quite involuntarily you found yourself whispering, instead of speaking normally, as if you were in a church.

It was because of the depth of the quiet, and the suddenness of it that the first rending of the silence, even though the sound was obviously from far off yet, had a power of shock to ears which had gradually ceased to strain with anticipation as time had gone on.

It was something between an immense scream and a roar and there was a freezing weirdness in the echo which filtered down to them through the avenues and recesses of the trees. But predominantly it was a declaration of menace.

The four men stood motionless, listening. For a second or two after the

sound had died away there was silence, then they heard the drumming. Deep and resonant. The tympani either of a victor who has cleared the field or is desirous that all things at hand shall mark his presence.

The drumming died away and again for a moment or two there was silence. Then a fresh assonance broke out, still distant but nearer than the first time and seemingly from directly above them. At the first time of hearing something of the repertoire of n'gi Miller had already felt the hair pricklings on his neck.

The Baamba pointed up through the trees, displaying his sharpened teeth, but his smile was insincere, a spontaneous grimace.

Van Zyl turned with a grin. 'Hits you, doesn't it? Wait till you hear him at close range though.'

Miller blew out a breath. 'Yes. Discouraging.'

'The first one was cross,' Van Zyl said. 'Something coming too close to the family I expect...maybe a leopard. That was his get-to-hell-out-of-here scream.'

'And the drumming was to remind any other careless trespassers...after the cat had cleared. Like us?'

Van Zyl grinned again. 'Yes. That's his bombast stuff, then taken up by his relative. Another Old Man saying I'm here too!'

Miller had the urge to do something. He felt in his pocket for a cigarette then he remembered and checked with it half way to his mouth.

'Oh, it's all right,' Van Zyl said. 'Wait a minute though.' He spoke to Kilumbe and the N'derobo sniffed the air, but within the confined atmosphere of the forest, heavy and still, yet full of a complexity of odours and gentle wafts and eddies, no man could be sure where his scent or his smoke might drift and, after a second or two, Kilumbe spread his hands in a gesture of indecision.

Van Zyl shrugged. 'Doesn't much matter anyway. I was only thinking of them.' He nodded towards the upward curve of the track where, for an instant, before they bounded away with characteristic whistling alarm barks, a pair of tawny-backed duikers paused, with twitching ears, to give them a quick glance of enquiry. 'In case any of them alerted the Old Men. N'gi doesn't matter himself, his scenting power's practically nil. Go ahead, we'll have a rest and a drink as well.' He got out a cheroot and sat down with his back against the dark trunk of an ebony tree.

'I'll tell you something for nothing,' Miller said. He took a long pull at his cigarette and let the smoke find its own egress from his lungs as he spoke. 'You're just as shit scared as I am,

N'kosi, and so are the boys here.'

Van Zyl smiled. 'Of course we are, but I'll tell you something. I won't run and neither will Kilumbe, the Baamba doesn't come into it of course.'

'I won't run either,' Miller said. He said it through his teeth but in his heart he wasn't really sure, remembering how as a boy he had more than once run from hostile dogs although he had known, and as his father had demonstrated, that if he had stood his ground he would have been all right.

Van Zyl regarded him quizzically: 'I hope not, it isn't a good idea.' When they had finished smoking they started up the high trail.

The undergrowth was getting progressively thicker and every now and then Kilumbe had to come to the front to aid the little man with a second *simi*. Presently the Baamba halted, pointing to a pile of curled droppings. He listened intently for a moment, then went on slowly. The droppings were not fresh, but near by there was a tunnel leading off the track at a tangent.

They went forward very slowly now, treading where the little man had, and two hundred yards further on they came to another tunnel. The tunnels were like enormous rabbit burrows forced into and through the heavy tangle of bush and undergrowth. The Baamba pointed to the marks of footprints and knuckles in the soft ground around the entrance of the tunnel. He went down on his hands and knees and moved inside it for a few feet, sniffing, then he got to his feet nodding and whispered to Van Zyl.

They stood still, listening, and after a minute or two the Baamba began to nod his head again and to point in a direction roughly following the line of the tunnel. A bird flew overhead, squawking, and then, in the following quiet, they heard a faint swishing and crackling noise like the tearing of grass and the breaking of twigs.

The Baamba was now gesticulating vehemently. Van Zyl dismissed him with a jerk of the head and the little man moved lightly away down the trail and then disappeared around a bend. Van Zyl drew the Luger from his thigh. There was no sign of insouciance in his bearing now and his face was set firmly in an expression of concentration.

He gave a slight nod then got down on his hands and knees and they began to crawl along the tunnel, pausing every few yards to listen and then moving slowly forward again in the semi-darkness. As soon as he had entered the burrow Miller realized what the Afrikaner had meant about them scenting the anthropoids before the

reverse occurred.

The odour of the gorillas, for the tunnels were regularly traversed by whole family groups, was unmistakable, and grew more pungent as they proceeded. There seemed to be no sign of an ending of the tunnel and a feeling of claustrophobia, accentuating the nerve tension he already felt, made Miller want to call out, 'For Christ's sake get on with it, get out of here!' Then suddenly they were moving around a curve and the light began to improve a little. The tunnel ended in a little clearing.

Each man crawled forward in turn into the shadow of a fern clump, then lay still while they waited for pulses to slacken and to listen. Van Zyl got to his knees and peered through the fronds of the ferns. The glade was about forty to forty-five yards long and the tunnel led off it again at the other end, but it was not going to be necessary to crawl again, nor, indeed would it have been practicable.

The sounds were quite plain now, and there was no doubt that three or four of them were feeding not much beyond the clearing.

Van Zyl whispered from the side of his mouth. 'How's your sighting?' Miller squinted along the barrel of the Mannlicher. If anything the visibility was a shade better than in most parts of the forest, but he could still barely discern the foresight against the background of the trees.

He shook his head. 'Not good!'

'Well, keep him covered, but don't shoot till I yell, no matter how close he comes.' He gasped Miller's arm in emphasis. 'Have you got that...don't shoot!'

Miller nodded.

'All right,' Van Zyl whispered. Get ready and stay ready while we bring him out.' He laid down the Luger and began to slap the ground with the palms of his hands, Kilumbe immediately following suit. Almost at once the sounds of crackling and tearing from across the clearing ceased, but both men continued to pound the earth for another minute or two. Miller felt the niggling sensation in his loins, at the back of his neck and in his scalp. He pressed over the safety catch and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand in a quick movement. He was conscious of his breathing and he felt the twitching of muscle beneath his eye as he waited, watching the hole in the brush.

Across the clearing the tunnel entrance began to agitate and rustle. Then something burst forth like a gigantic black four-legged tarantula. The Old Man reared himself erect on his short enormously thewed bandy legs and looked from side to side, seeing

nothing. He took a step forward, like a drunk, then halted. A sunbeam, a thin shaft of light filtering down through some loophole in the canopy of the tree-tops, brought a faint gleam of reflection on the black leathery patches of his gigantic chest and face producing, for a fleeting instant, a grotesque histrionic effect as if he were the centre-piece of some nightmare fantasy.

Save for the leathery shine of his face, the palms of his great hands and a bald patch on his belly, he was thickly furred with long black hair from the padded crest above his narrowly disposed sunken eyes to his stubby widespread feet. He was no taller than the watching white men, perhaps not even as tall as the Englishman, but twice as broad as either, and his huge arms, twice the girth of a man's thigh, could have ripped a man apart, or strangled a leopard held dangling at one arm's length, without any application of maximum effort. Miller felt the tap of Van Zyl's hand.

'Stand up!'

Simultaneously the three men rose from their squatting position. The Old Man blew out air from his dilated nostrils in a long hiss and opened his mouth until his big yellow canines were fully exposed. The enormous scream which came from the great squat throat, like the hugely amplified cry of a maniac, was the most curdling thing Miller had ever heard. As it faded the gorilla dropped to all fours and charged, screaming anew. Miller flung up the Mannlicher but in the same instant he felt Van Zyl's groping hand on his arm and dimly, through the Old Man's maniacal dinning, he heard the Afrikaner's shout.

'No! Not yet!'

Twelve or fifteen yards from them the bull halted abruptly. He turned and retreated, gibbering and scolding. Miller let out a soft hiss of pent breath. The sweat of fear lay heavily upon him and the knuckles of his hands were white from the fierceness of his grip on the rifle. For a fleeting instant he thought that the huge ape was going to disappear down the tunnel, leave them the field. Then the Old Man wheeled and reared himself erect again. He began to beat his stomach and chest but at once Van Zyl stepped forward a pace, raised his arms and shouted, provoking him to charge again.

Immediately the gorilla came again screaming, but again, miraculously as it seemed to Miller, he pulled up short and then shambled back to the mouth of the tunnel as if he was guarding it.

'For Christ's sake,' Miller whispered. 'Shoot, or I will.'

'No!' Van Zyl didn't turn his head but he grasped the other man's arm

again. 'Next time, next time! Keep covering me.'

Again he stepped forward waving and shouting his insult to the bull's sovereignty of the forest. This time it seemed to Miller that the Old Man was coming all the way, must do.

He held on the bullet head, not daring to brush the running sweat from his eyelids, and had begun the squeeze when the bull stopped once more, much nearer to them than he had come before.

Now, as he came erect Van Zyl began to fire. The Old Man stood still as the Luger's bullets tore into him, then suddenly his screaming ceased and faded into a coughing gibber as the blood came from his mouth. A convulsive shudder ran through him, then the great frame crumpled and pitched forward. The three men stood rooted, breathing deeply, waiting for the highest level of tension to drain away.

'Jesus Christ!' Miller broke the silence.

Van Zyl spat reflectively, his hand groped in his hip pocket and came away with a small flask. He held it up, still without speaking, and put his thumb across the vertical slot in the leather covering where the glass showed through, measuring half the contents. When he had drunk down to the line of his thumb he handed the flask to Miller and moved forward to where the great body lay. In his last convulsion the gorilla had reared on to his side, then subsided on to his back. He had a bullet through one eye, but it was one or more of the three holes beneath his left breast that had finished him outright.

'How about the rest?' Miller said huskily.

'Harmless...there's only one Old Man per family.' Van Zyl jerked his head towards the tunnel entrance across the glade. 'I dare say we could catch up with them if you want to?'

'I don't!'

The Afrikaner grinned. 'All right, we might as well stay here and eat. The Baamba will show up in a minute or two I expect, do you want to go on?'

'You mean try and locate another?'

'Yes.'

'What're the chances?'

'Not very good, after the shooting. At least it might take a long time. I think it would be better to quit now, let things settle down again. Tomorrow we can move further west outside the timber before striking up through it again.'

'I don't mind if we don't even come at all.'

Van Zyl chuckled. 'Oh, don't worry, we'll find one for you.'

'I can hardly wait,' Miller said.

'You don't really mean you want to quit?' Van Zyl said with quickened seriousness.

Miller had a sudden sensation of being under mental scrutiny. He didn't like it. This just wasn't his kind of hunting, and he was perfectly at liberty to refuse it. Everybody was allergic to some creature, even to an insect perhaps, and he knew now that he had a strong allergy to the anthropoids. He should have known it from the start because, of course, he had always had a hard spot for monkeys and disliked handling them.

With the big cats there was always a chance of survival if things went wrong, even with buffalo and elephant, dependent on the situation, and that was up to you. There was always an outside chance of escape. But with these bastards you were clearly very dead meat if they ever put a finger on you, although it was clear that, barring the odd one which didn't stick to the rules, there was less danger than with the others if you had the *solid spunk to stay put*. And, by Christ, you needed plenty of it! No, it wasn't the pure danger element. It was partly the thought of being handled by one of the loathsome bastards. And he knew now that it was because of the allergy that he had immediately thought of a tarantula when the Old Man had first appeared. That and because of the conditions, which were unnatural and unavoidable. Conditions whereby, for the first time, his confidence in his gun had been undermined almost to the extent of feeling unarmed.

Of course, every time he had faced dangerous game before he had been scared, as every hunter was. And the sensation when two tons of ferocity was bearing down on you was something that was permanent in the very nature of things, something which would still apply with your five-hundredth as with your first. But there was a distinction between that kind of scaredness...which you could handle if you knew that you were holding a good gun, and you knew that you could really shoot...and an unadulterated terror which immobilized you as the steady basilisk glare of a weasel immobilizes a rabbit.

The normal scaredness of the hunter was not something which put you out of action. It was not *petrifying*. All the times before he had never been near to being petrified. So long as he had held a good gun, the Winchester, the Mannlicher, even the croc gun, which was still relatively new in the ways and feel of it, he had always had the necessary underlying confidence in himself, felt, deep down, that he was the participant who had the edge.

(continued on page 52)

LOVE OF LIFE

by Jack London

**This out of all will remain -
They have lived and have tossed:
So much of the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.**

THEY LIMPED PAINFULLY down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's layin' in that cache of ours," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; and the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their footgear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slope toward the soft sky line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smoldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August—he did not know the precise date within a week or two—he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson's Bay Company chart.

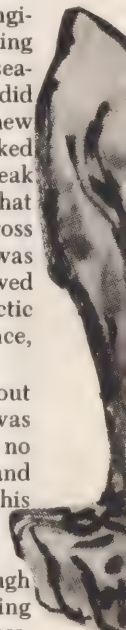
Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice; "Bill!"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, spongelike, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.





Two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation...hunting each other's lives.

Though alone, he was not lost. Farther on, he knew, he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and wizened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *titchin-nichilie*, in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the river Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fishhooks and lines, a small net—all the util-

ities for the killing and snaring of food. Also he would find flour—not much—a piece of bacon, and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson's Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not de-

serted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch—and many times—of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he coned the grub cache and the grub of the Hudson's Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth, and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire—a smoldering, smudgy fire—and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him, and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet footgear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places, and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing, and he gave it an examination. It had swol-

len to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound his ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun rose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in the sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet, another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun nor hint of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for traveling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large: He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds—as much as all the rest of the pack—and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. "Ker-ker-ker" was the cry they made. He threw stones at them but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food.

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Captain
Marsh



THE VOYAGE OF THE FAR WEST

All photos from the N.H. Rose Collection,
University of Oklahoma Library.



by Norman B. Wiltsey

Few American heroes deserve immortality as much as these men of the steamer FAR WEST. This is the story of their struggle to save 51 wounded survivors of the Little Big Horn.

Misty dawn-light shrouded the mouth of the Little Bighorn on the morning of June 27, 1876. Tendrils of fog curled up from the placid surface of the river, obscuring the view of the deck guard aboard the steamer Far West moored just offshore. Momentarily the fog lifted, and the guard caught a glimpse of a young Indian approaching the steamer's gangplank.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The Indian stopped on the bank of the river and made the universal peace sign of the Plains--right hand held high, with empty palm open and forward. The guard's rifle drew a bead on his breast.

Captain Grant Marsh, skipper of the *Far West*, spoke quickly: "I know that boy. Let him aboard. He's Curly, one of Colonel Custer's Crow scouts."

Two days had passed since the annihilation of Custer and more than two hundred troopers of his Seventh Cavalry by the Sioux in the battle of the Little Bighorn. No news had come as yet to the skipper of the *Far West*, but a premonition of disaster chilled his heart as he watched the young Crow scout stagger up the gangplank. Curly was obviously close to utter exhaustion.

"Put away your gun!" snapped Captain Marsh to the staring guard. "Go down to the galley and tell the cook to rustle up a pot of black coffee and some food for this boy. *Hurry!*"

Curly gulped a cup of steaming coffee, and ate ravenously. When he had finished, he hoarsely spoke the Crow word for Sioux and made the sign for "Cut-throat" (Sioux). Anxiously he stared at the skipper to see if he understood.

Captain Marsh nodded, tight-lipped. Then the scout drew many dots on a piece of tarpaulin, pointed at them and again spoke the word for Sioux and made deadly slashing gestures across his throat. Next, he croaked, "Long Knives" (soldiers) and quickly sketched in other dots. Now the haggard, excited young scout bent over the tarpaulin and wiped the second group of dots from the canvas with one sweep of his hands. Curly's graphic portrayal was terribly clear: somewhere along the bleak reaches of the Little Bighorn, whole companies of soldiers had been wiped out by the hostile Sioux.

"My God! Custer!" whispered Captain Marsh.

Fearfully the skipper of the *Far West* waited for further word, hoping against hope that Curly was mistaken. Within a few hours an urgent message arrived by courier from General Terry, commander of the column supporting Colonel Custer, to prepare the *Far West* for a fast trip to Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, 710 miles away on the Missouri. "Fifty-two wounded from the units of Major Reno and Captain Benteen must be transported to hospital at Fort Lincoln with all possible speed," read the terse message. Ominously, General Terry's dispatch contained no word of the personal fate of Custer nor that of his troopers. There was no need; the frontier-wise commander of the *Far West* read tragedy between the lines. Reno's and Benteen's units were part of Custer's famed regiment, and so the brief, cryptic dispatch could mean but one thing: Reno and Ben-

teen had suffered casualties, but Custer, leading the remaining five troops of the Seventh, had been wiped out.

Captain Marsh moved quickly and efficiently to convert the tiny *Far West* into a hospital ship of sorts. Over an 18-inch-deep carpet of prairie grass on his decks, the skipper spread tarpaulin. This accomplished, Captain Marsh composed himself for the grim wait.

General Terry himself made the agonizing journey with the wounded from the battlefield to the *Far West*. Many of the men were in critical condition. All were suffering, not only from the pain of their wounds but from the torture of being carried on horsehide litters over miles of rough trails where Army wagons could not travel. Terry, drawn of face with anguish and fatigue, curtly informed Marsh of the incredible disaster to almost half of the total force of the gallant Seventh. Never again did the general condemn Custer, but on that melancholy day in late June of 1876 Terry spoke from an embittered mind that gave no thought to military ethics.

"Captain Marsh, you are about to start on a hazardous journey with a priceless cargo. The lives of these fifty-two wounded men are in your hands. I pray of you to use all the skill you possess, all the caution you can command, to make the journey safely. You now have on board your steamer the most precious cargo a boat ever carried. Every soldier here who is suffering from wounds is the victim of a blunder—a sad and terrible blunder."

General Terry did not name the blunderer responsible for the catastrophe, but his implication was abundantly clear. (Later, writing in the *Army and Navy Journal*, blunt General Grant pinned the blame for the Little Bighorn debacle directly on Custer.)

Captain Marsh silently pledged to do his best with a firm handshake. Terry, tears streaming down his bearded cheeks, turned on his heels and strode away.

"I went back to my cabin and prayed to God to give me strength and wisdom to get the poor devils through," wrote Marsh later. "The navigational problem alone was great, yet I had to get these wounded heroes to hospital as quickly as a steamer captain could, or very probably many of the fifty-two lives would be lost. Speed with caution—was it possible? I did not know; all I could do was the best I knew *how* to do consistent with safety. I knelt and humbly begged the Almighty to help me discharge my awful responsibility."

The *Far West* began its epic mercy trip on the evening of July 3, 1876, through 710 miles of as rough a river passage as any expert fresh-water pilot could possibly master. No skipper lacking Captain Marsh's long experience would have dared attempt it; first the twisted, tortuous passages of the Little Bighorn; then the Bighorn itself, followed by the turgid, mighty, uncharted Yellowstone, and finally Big Muddy—the Missouri.

"My anguish over the suffering of the wounded, plus the absolute necessity of my being on deck at all times, prevented me from getting any sleep at all," recalled Marsh in his later years. "Doctor Porter was a tower of strength in my desperate time of trial. His calmness, his cheerfulness, his virtually constant attendance upon the wounded without thought of his own dangerously mounting fatigue, inspired skipper and crew to carry on through everything." (Dr. R.H. Porter was the sole surviving physician of the ill-fated Custer campaign, serving with Major Reno's command.)

Pushing the little steamer's boilers to the extreme limit of safety, yet not daring to tie down his boiler valves in fear of risking a disastrous explosion, Captain Marsh's *Far West* reached the Yellowstone late on the afternoon of July 4. There, on order, it remained for several excruciating hours to ferry General Gibbon's command to the opposite side of the river.

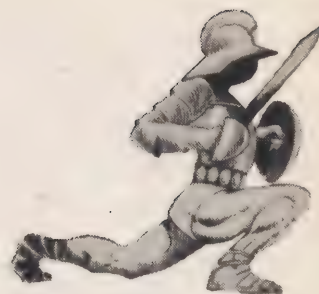
Barely had the last trooper left the gangplank when Marsh bawled out, "Cast off" and the dramatic race against death resumed. Doubled shifts of sweating firemen kept the boiler furnaces "wooded up" and roaring, while the grim, haggard Captain and his rugged pilot, Dave Campbell, took four-hour shifts at the helm around the clock.

Shuddering and groaning under a towering head of steam, the *Far West* churned on toward Bismarck. Once, along the way at a point where the river narrowed, a band of Sioux raced their ponies abreast of the steamer, firing their rifles at the hated *Peyta Watah* (Fireboat) of the white. Marsh pulled his whistle-cord, and a tired grin creased the skipper's weathered countenance as the Sioux ponies took off in wild stampede at the shrieking blast of sound.

Reaching the Missouri, the steamer stopped briefly to discharge a wounded Indian scout at Fort Buford. People swarmed to the wharf to stare at the casualty-laden decks of the *Far West* and to ask news of Custer. Refusing to answer questions, Marsh waved them

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Men Of VALOR



DON PERRY,
A HAPPY WARRIOR



On the ice, Don Perry is a big, scarred man who plays a "policeman's role" as well as anyone in the Eastern Hockey League, regarded by many knowledgeable people as one of the roughest professional hockey circuits in North America. A policeman is the guy who keeps the other team loose, usually a defenseman, and if the Bad Guy on the opposition knocks his teammates around, the policeman's job is to make him regret it a little.

Off the ice, Don Perry is a tall, quiet man, very gentle in his ways, the father of three sons, two of whom are old enough to go into the service. Don owns a beautiful home on a quiet street in Branford, a suburb north of New Haven, Conn., where he's player-coach of the New Haven Blades.

Hockey is generally considered to be the fastest, roughest contact sport widely played today. A team in the EHL plays three or four games a week during the season which runs from November through March in this league. The Blades suit up fifteen players when they're at full strength and Coach Perry is a happy man when that happens. Usually one, two, or more are sidelined with a major injury. A minor injury doesn't keep a hockey player off the ice. They play with cracked ribs, a broken jaw wired together, or shattered fingers or thumbs. A recently fractured skull might be protected by a plastic helmet but hockey players never stay out of action with an injury as long as players do in other sports.

So, out of these fifteen players, with a couple men injured most of the time, Perry has to get six healthy ones on the ice. He's got his goaltender, two defensemen, two wings, and a center. The wings, or forwards, and center have to try to score and forecheck when they don't have the puck. The defensemen stay back by the blue line and meet the attackers as they hurtle down the ice in the fastest-moving action in pro-

fessional sports.

This is where Don Perry shines. He's one of the hardest body-checkers in a league that's noted for it, and a fast center, or wing, coming in has to bear this in mind. If Perry hits him, he'll wind up on his back. So he's got to slow down, try a few 'dekes' (decoying moves or feints), and this is when Perry's stick snakes out and he steals the puck.

That's the way it's supposed to work. But it sometimes happens that the enemy gets a 'two-on-one' or 'three-on-two' situation, that is when there are two attacking players against one defenseman coming in on opposite sides. When this happens, the defenseman has to commit himself sooner or later at which time this attacker passes to the other who then has a good shot at the goaltender in the net.

There's often only one way to block the shot. That's for the defenseman to either drop flat to stop a low shot or go to his knees, a human sacrifice to achieve a victory. This takes **GUTS!**

They've used a timing device to clock Bobby Hull's shot at more than 90 mph. The puck is made of hard rubber and when it hits human flesh, it *smarts!* So, for Don Perry or any defenseman to drop in front of a screaming puck to prevent a possible goal takes an incredible amount of courage.

Like most hockey players, particularly defensemen, Don lost his front teeth somewhere along the way. There are many, many ways to do this. A fast-moving puck can really loosen them in a hurry; the butt end of a hockey stick

has been known to do the job or.... somebody's fist.

Which brings us to beefs or fights on the ice. Any sport as fast and rough as hockey is bound to get the players excited. Little feuds spring up during the game and it only takes a second for one player to drop his stick, shuck his gloves, and come in swinging. Usually the man he's after drops his gloves and swings back. But sometimes the challenger retains his stick and backs away, waving the club threateningly.

Beefs are almost as much a part of hockey as skating, shooting, or goaltending. Officials traditionally skate around the fringes of a fight for a moment or two and let the players whack away. They're releasing some of the accumulated tensions and when it's over the players relax a little. Sometimes one player tries to help his team-mate and this brings in a second player on the other guy's side and the fight spreads. A real Donnybrook might have every player on both teams involved in a tangled mess. It's when the benches empty and the fight becomes a riot that the referee becomes perturbed.

Don Perry in his eighteen years of professional hockey can't even count the number of beefs he's been in. He's a mellowed man now, comparatively, but pugnacious opponents invariably think twice about taking him on. He doesn't have to fight to prove he's tough. They know it.

Don is a master tactician. Two seasons back when he played on the Long Island Ducks, a very, very tough team,

they intimidated other teams and won many a game over a faster-skating crew with bone-rattling checks and a few well-planned beefs. Watching Don in those days get into a brawl, knowledgeable spectators realized they weren't as spontaneous as they looked. They were intended to slow down the forwards and centers, and the Ducks wound up winning the Northern Division play-offs that year, because of checking alone.

This past season in New Haven, Don welded a few veterans and a lot of new young skaters into a solid team. There weren't any real stars on his club. In fact, although the Blades finished second to the Clinton Comets, they didn't place a single player on the All-Star Team. Significantly, Don Perry was named Coach of the team.

What the Blades had going for them was *spirit and fight*. On most teams, the burly defensemen get into most of the beefs but the skinniest player on the Blades would drop his gloves and tackle anyone in the league. Every man on the squad turned tiger even though most of them hadn't been noted for their ferociousness before they joined Don's team.

As Don says, it isn't money that keeps men like him coming back to the hockey wars year after year. The players love the sport. They've got to play for the \$150-200 most of them get a week. Sometimes, the hockey games are the least of their worries. Hockey teams in the Eastern Hockey League travel by bus and after riding two to three hundred miles in an over-age bus, Don Perry, some nights, doesn't feel as much like a good, rousing hockey game as he'd like. Under the best of circumstances, it's a long way to go but throw in icy highways, driving snow, and frequent breakdowns and you might begin to understand why hockey teams lose oftener on the road than they do at home. The Blades ride in a thing they call the Green Monster and Don dreads that ride more than anything else connected with the game.

Don makes more money than most players in the league and during the off-season he runs a profitable construction business. He's soft-spoken and articulate but it isn't hard to understand how he keeps a tough bunch of hockey players in line. He respects his players and he demands respect in return and he gets it.

How long can Don Perry keep returning to the hockey wars? As long as his legs hold out, it seems. He may not be as fast or agile as the Don Perry of eighteen years ago but he's a whole lot smarter. He's one of the wildest defensemen in the sport and a perfect example of skating, fighting **VALOR**.



This year Don was named coach of the All-Star team. With eighteen years of professional experience behind him, his tactics can turn a sure loss into a miraculous win.



SWORD of the GLADIATOR



Here in the gladiator's cubicle beneath the wooden floor of The Colosseum, Lucius caressed the sword and waited, trying to control his nerves. Soon it would be over, he told himself. He would be given gold and spirited out of Rome during the night. *I'll make a new life*, he told himself. *Next time I won't be such an idiot!*

The Praetorian Guard strolled toward him and paused to sneer for the thousandth time. Lucius would have given much to smash his fist into that dissipated, corrupt face, corrupted by Rome, by the wine and the women, many of them carried here from Carthage, Persia, the Germanic provinces, from distant places where hair was sometimes straight and fair or tightly woolled and black as night. Whatever one's weakness was, mighty Rome had the ability to find it, widen it, and ultimately destroy it.

"That fancy toy won't win for you today, equite," the guard taunted. He, like the other soldiers of Rome carried a heavier sword and thought Lucius' weapon a sign of weakness. "The German chieftan is sharpening his broad-ax. He signaled to me that he'd cut off your arms before he finished you today."

He bellowed with laughter and Lucius wondered why he didn't knock him down for his insolence. Even though he, Lucius, was a convicted criminal, judged by the Praetor to be a debtor and further convicted of immoral living, he had been an equite and commanded troops in the field against the enemies of Rome. On any other day, Lucius knew he would've half-killed this drunken buffoon. But today,

he couldn't.

And he knew why.

It was all part of the plot. Cribus, Captain of the Praetorian Guard, those favored Legionaries stationed here in Rome, was engineering a betting coupe. He had come to Lucius in his quarters where the members of the Gladiators Guild slept beneath the mighty Colosseum. The others were sleeping or off in the underground dining hall wenching with the captive women.

"Hail, equite," Cribus had greeted him with the title bestowed by Jinella, the victorious Roman general in the Northern Province. "Your name is on the lips of every Roman. They say you are the mightiest gladiator since the Colosseum was built."

Lucius remembered how he had been flattered by the flowery compliments even though he had always detested the Captain who made them.

"What do you want of me, Cribus?" Lucius had asked.

Cribus had peered around to be certain he wouldn't be overheard. "I want to make you rich again, Lucius," he whispered. "I will give you much gold and show you how you can be free again if you will only do what we say."

We, Cribus had said and Lucius had noted his use of the plural. He sighed, wishing he had the energy to stand and kill this criminal buffoon, wishing he could just once employ this shining sword which had once raised him to fame and glory. Now, a stray shaft of sunlight found a tiny hole in the wooden floor of the arena above their heads and reflected from the polished metal. It blinded him for a moment, it was like a thrust into his mind which he had tried to lull ever since his return to a hero's welcome here in Rome.

"Who else is in this with you, Cribus?" Lucius had said, his mind then sharp enough to realize that the captain was too stupid to plot anything by himself.

"Powerful officials," Cribus whispered. "They who had you placed here are just as capable of having you released."

The sword had seemed to come alive at this revelation. Now Lucius realized that he had indeed been destroyed by an enemy he had not even known. His debts had not been great enough to bring him here to a debtor's cell. Nor had his profligacies been that much worse than other officers' acts when they reached Rome after so many years of Spartan life on the frontiers.

"What will they have me do?" growled Lucius.

Cribus had smiled. He had enjoyed this part of the plot.

"You are the idol of the mob," the captain said maliciously. "They bet their gold on you each time you fight. Up until now they have always won. In fact, your enemies realize that your popularity with the people may earn you freedom one day soon. So, they have decided to give you your freedom."

Freedom! That word had pealed like a bell in his fevered brain.

"Explain, Cribus."

Cribus had scowled, irritated by the insolent manner of the prisoner whom he knew was a far better man than he.

"The Germanic chieftan, Rythgo, will be pitted against you day after tomorrow." Lucius had heard this and instantly he pictured the Germanic giant's armor, round shield, and broad-ax. "Myself, I am sure the barbarian will split you from head to crotch



with one blow but the patricians want to be certain they will win their bets."

The patricians. Now Lucius had understood. They were the sons of the wealthy families of Rome. They did not serve in the Legions of Rome. They debauched themselves in their baths with their fine wines and foods and their women. Worse yet, Lucius had heard rumors of how many of them found women too boring and they held orgies in which these young men painted themselves like their sisters, wore feminine finery and took the place of women. *In every way.*

Lucius had offended them. By his very existence, he made them see themselves for what they were. They had made overtures after the Emperor had received him and they had made him attend a few of their parties.

At one, a rouged son of a member of the Comitia Centuriata had whispered a foul invitation to Lucius. The Legionary had stared disbelievingly for a moment, then backhanded the homosexual into the pool. A second and third rebuff to similar characters had sealed Lucius' fate but he hadn't realized it at the time.

Cribus had smiled, knowing that now Lucius was beginning to understand why he had been destroyed.

"Yes, Lucius. The patricians whose agents take the bets of the mob. They will lay odds of ten to one against you. Every Roman will sell his dearest possessions to wager on you against the barbarian. The fools! Even if you did your best, you could not defeat Rythgo. But you will not do your best, will you?"

Cribus had explained the terms. Enough gold to make him wealthy for life. Safe conduct on a galley leaving right after the contest, and freedom somewhere east of Constantinople where Rome's authority was already beginning to wane.

Lucius had stared at Cribus, then at last he nodded.

"Tell the patricians I agree to their terms, Cribus," Lucius had answered. "I must see the gold here in my cell before the battle. And the barbarian chieftan must not maim or disable me during our bout."

So it had been agreed.

Now, with Cribus' sneers and his own lethargy, Lucius knew he had already been betrayed. Either the wine or food had contained a weakening drug. He had no strength. He felt the way

he had that day in North Britain when he had been ill with fever and too weak to wield the sturdy, thick-bladed sword which he carried at that time.

A native of that accursed island province had been sent to him to nurse him with nauseous brews and incantations. He had spat all of them upon the ground and stilled his ears to the Druid prayers but the healer had given him one gift which had proven useful.

It was this sword. Lighter than any sword he had ever held, with an incredible balance, it had fit his hand snugly that first time and Lucius had realized instantly that they were suited to each other.

That day, Lucius, his fever mysteriously vanished, had fought in the first line of his *maniple*, against the sturdy foe. The sword had been a leaping,

"I will mind your gold, Lucius," the Praetorian captain chuckled. "I will return it after the barbarian pretends to slay you. The patricians will collect more than 70,000 wagers and all of us will be richer."

The gladiator tried to stand but his legs were limp and without strength. Only by using his slender sword to help support his weight was he able to rise.

"I...I will carry it with me to the arena, Cribus," the gladiator replied coldly. "Is Rythgo ready?"

Cribus grinned and half-turned, pointing through the gloom toward another doorless cubicle. Though he, Lucius, was a hand taller than most of his comrades, this giant filled the doorway and he had to duck to pass through it, his shoulders brushing the

sight, then you're on your way to Constantinople."

Lucius nodded to show he understood.

He understood, all right. The way Rythgo glared, he had nothing on his mind but *kill!* Why shouldn't he? As far as he knew, Lucius was a deadly swordsman who would be trying to kill him. Lucius knew that. Between the drugs and the prowess of this barbarian, the gladiator didn't have a chance.

Overhead, quick steps sounded, then Lucius heard other steps, less quick, less certain. Then, a pause, a muffled groan directly overhead, and the sound of a body hitting the sand-covered planks on the floor of the Arena.

The voice of the 70,000 spectators was a single shout and Lucius guessed that their favorite, the Macedonian, had triumphed over the scimitar-armed Arabian.

Cribus nodded at the barbarian, then turned to Lucius.

"It's time, *equite*," Cribus sneered, once more calling him by the title which meant Knight of Rome. "Take your gold or leave it here, it doesn't make any difference now."

Slaves waited near the cage which would be raised by pulleys and gears. He, Lucius, would step forth once more just as he had all those other times. One hundred feet away, Rythgo's cage would emerge from the sanded floor. Then, both cages would descend and the two men would stand alone in an area 600 feet long and 500 feet wide. Above them the tiered Colosseum would be jammed with Romans here on one of their many holidays, eating bread, drinking wine, betting all they had on the men they chose to win.

Thus it was as it had been before.

But this time when Lucius stepped out onto the red sand, his knees almost buckled. He felt dizzy and the roar of the Roman mob crashed in his ears. Then, he realized, they were chanting one word. A name.

His name.

"Lucius! Lucius! Lucius!" they roared.

Lucius steadied himself and looked up. The massed faces were a blur. He turned slowly, seeing every space taken. They wanted him to win. Slowly, finding just enough strength for the gesture, he raised his sword and saluted them.

The patricians sneeringly called them a mob. They fancied themselves as being above this multitude. But Lucius knew that the mob *was* Rome. These shouting, laughing men and women were what built the marble temples, the



A shaft of sunlight reflected from the sword

and Lucius wished he had the energy to thrust it through Cribus.

darting flame; with it, he fought differently. No more did he whirl a heavy blade in a glittering arc and try to slash through the enemy's defenses. No, that day he had advanced coolly, sword point slightly lower than his hand, watched his enemy upraise both hands locked on a thick-handled weapon. Calmly, before the blow could land, Lucius had thrust the sword through his opponent's corded neck.

In battle after battle, Lucius perfected similar tactics. His fame spread through-out the Legions of Rome. Finally, he had been named an *equite* of Rome and dispatched home to receive the gratitude of his emperor, and incur the enmity of the patricians who had brought him here to this moment of bleak despair.

Cribus chuckled.

doorposts on each side.

He saw Lucius and recognized him. Lucius met his stare unblinkingly and he made an effort to stand straight and not betray the weakness that held him in its grip.

Rythgo smiled, showing the broken teeth of a veteran warrior. He raised the massive ax in one hand and waved it as though it had no weight at all. His grunted greeting was a vast rumble from somewhere deep within that cavernous chest.

"Don't be afraid, *equite*," Cribus murmured tauntingly. "Remember, he's not going to kill you. The patricians already explained to him how you'll pretend to fall in battle and then he'll smash that broad-ax down alongside your chest. The crowd'll think he killed you, we drag you out of

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DEATH of a DOG SOLDIER



There was no laughter in the lodges of *The People*. Black Kettle was dead. The Sand Creek massacre was finally complete, the great warrior was struck down and the wailing of the women was but an echo upon the plains. His name would not be spoken again. He had joined his fathers, and his medicine would be turned against the killer Pawnees and the blue gahdamns of the Yellow Hair. He would be called a new name and the singers would chant of his exploits, and his many coups, and the way he fought bravely at the end. To speak his name in life would break the medicine and anger the ghost gods of the Cheyenne.

And Tall Bull, leader of the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers, was sworn to avenge the Battle of the Washita where General Custer's 7th Cavalry and 200 Pawnee

scouts under Major Frank North had caught Black Kettle off guard and taken his scalp.

The frontier was exploding with violence. Blood ran in the Platte and on the mesas and fresh scalps hung from the lodge poles of *The People*. The Cheyenne had joined forces with their enemies, the Sioux, and the Kiowa and Commanche were on the warpath to the south. The year was 1869.

In a wide valley near the borders of Kansas and Colorado, the tribes were assembled for the annual Sun Dance. Lodges were four deep in a circle that stretched a mile across. It was the final day of the celebration and the most famous chiefs of the Cheyenne gathered in council to discuss the relentless tactics of General Phil Sheridan and his white eyes.

Until a year previous, *The People* were divided into small groups for the purpose of better hunting and any organized fight against the troops was impossible. But now the most famous chiefs and the bravest warriors of the Cheyenne had joined a single warrior society, "Hotam' itan' iu," the Dog Men. And within the year the Dog Soldiers had become legendary for their fanatical bravery and the cunning tactics of their cavalry. The leader of any group of Dog Soldiers wore a leather sash over one shoulder with a long tail trailing behind. In combat the tail was pinned to the ground with a stake and the Dog Soldier was vowed not to pull the stake until he was victorious. To retreat meant disgrace unless one of his own comrades pulled the picket and quirted him off the field.



Gathered at the council were Tall Bull, Little Wolf, Roman Nose, Black Sun, White Horse and Tangle Hair.

Sitting in a semi-circle they passed the war pipe, the acrid smell of the sacred tobacco burning in the stone bowl permeating the buffalo skin tipi. The pipe was passed with formality, going around half the group and then back so as not to pass over the opening of the lodge. When they had all smoked they sat silent a moment, then Roman Nose came to his feet. Looking straight ahead he spoke in the crisp, formal tongue of *The People*.

"We have lived for many seasons. Now in the time of the tall grass the iron horse of the white eyes moves across the sacred lands of *The People*. And like the floods of the Arikaree the white eyes come into the lands where the Yellow Hair said none would come. They put their lodges on the lands of *The People*. Their medicine is bad because the buffalo and deer seek far lands. The women and children of *The People* go hungry in the lodges and their wailing sits upon the heart. And the blue coats follow out hunters and they know no peace. We must fight now. We must drive the white eyes from the lands of *The People*. The braves of Roman Nose make no peace sign for the white man. Our iron will fall upon his head and his hair will hang from our lodge poles." He lifted his eyes and spread his arms. "Roman Nose has spoken." He sat in his place in the semi-circle.

Little Wolf came to his feet. "The braves of Little Wolf make fools of the white eyes," he said. "We will attack them where we see them. We will disgrace them and lift their hair. Their souls shall wander in the land of the devil gods. Little Wolf has spoken."

Tall Bull rose slowly. He was big for an Indian, well over six feet. He stared ahead solemnly, his head carried high, his body straight and powerful. One of the most respected chiefs of the Dog Soldiers, Tall Bull had worn the eagle feather in his sixteenth summer and now, with the years etched indelibly in deep furrows in his face, he was renowned for his wisdom as well as his courage. He took a deep breath.

"They have massacred our people under the sign of peace. They kill our women and our children. Their Father beyond the great river speaks with a forked tongue. Yellow Hair (General Custer) speaks with a forked tongue. He killed Black Kettle. Cheyenne blood runs in the water of the Washita. Cheyenne blood is soaked into the banks of Sand Creek. Our warriors must

strike." He was silent a moment, then went on. "They are many and the treacherous Pawnees fight with them. But we must strike. If we are to die it will not be as the papoose mewling for milk. We are Cheyenne. We will die as our fathers have died. With courage."

Tall Bull reseated and the other chiefs rose and delivered their words of hate against the white invaders. At the close of the speeches the war pipe was passed again and the council ended. Afterwards the informal plans of war and troop movements were discussed at length and when the tribes struck their tipis, the Cheyenne nation was sworn to a vendetta of blood. In the months that followed no white man was safe. Trains, wagons and homesteads were attacked and when the small squads of troopers arrived in relief they were massacred.

The 7th Cavalry under General Custer went into the field against the Sioux and the 5th Cavalry under General Eugene A. Carr with Major North's Pawnees, went on the trail of Tall Bull. His orders: *Kill every Cheyenne over the age of 12.*

At the headwaters of the south fork of the Republican River just north of the Arikaree Fork near the eastern boundary of Colorado, Tall Bull was camped with 84 lodges, two warriors to the lodge. A few miles to the south General Carr was camped with 200 troopers and 150 Pawnee scouts.

Neither group was aware of the other until a Cheyenne hunter almost stumbled into the camp of the troopers. He turned tail and rode into the Cheyenne camp shouting the news.

The young braves of Tall Bull rushed into preparation for battle. They were anxious for a fight, but the solemn ritual of painting and prayers to the medicine god of each warrior would be completed before any would dare face the enemy.

Alone in this lodge, Tall Bull knelt before his medicine bundle, his eyes raised to the peak of the tipi, arms outstretched. His lips moved silently. Then he half-turned and with a stick he drew a rough sketch of the buffalo bull, his medicine, in the sand. He asked the gods for the strength of the buffalo, that he might count coup. He asked for the speed, that he might lead his braves well. He asked for the courage of the bull, that he would not disgrace the name of the Dog Soldier. He wiped out the sketch and rose to his feet. He clapped his hands.

The flaps of the tipi were pushed back and the squaw of Tall Bull entered, carrying his paints. She spread them before him and withdrew. Alone once

more he began the ritualistic painting. His entire body was covered with yellow. Over his muscular chest he drew four black lines with his finger. Two lines of vermilion ran under his eyes and three vertical lines of white ran from his knees to his loin-cloth. He then rubbed the flat of his right hand in the vermilion and pressed the imprint upon his chest. The blood-red hand was his special mark. He knelt before the medicine bundle once more and said silent words to his gods. He rose again, lifted his sacred shield high over his head, brought it down, turned and walked out of the lodge.

The warriors were astride their ponies, each painted to conform to the medicine of his boyhood vision.

Tall Bull swung up on his war horse, a great black stallion of Andalusian strain which he had gotten by trade from a Comanche, who had stolen it from an Apache, who had taken it from under a white rancher, who had bought it from a Mexican. There was no other Indian horse to match the Black for speed, stamina and appearance.

Swinging out of camp, the warriors headed south along the river and were soon in sight of the soldier's camp. The initial plan was to charge into the horses and scatter the entire remuda. At a signal from Tall Bull a small group of warriors rode off to the right and started firing into the camp. Then the main body charged to the left.

Surprised, the soldiers returned the fire of the small group and Tall Bull met no opposition as his braves skirted around the camp and charged into the mass of horses.

But the horses did not run as scheduled and within minutes the Pawnee scouts were on their ponies and the Cheyenne warriors retreated for a regrouping. As they gathered for a new attack Tall Bull raised his shield and said: "We shall return to our camp and move north."

The braves were stunned into silence. Man-With-Many-Horses came forward. "Tall Bull would run from the Blue coats?"

"From the Blue coats, no," Tall Bull answered. "But the Pawnees are too many and they have better weapons."

Walks-By-Night came forward. "Is it not better to die a brave. Would Tall Bull have us walk in shame?"

"There is not shame," Tall Bull answered. "The horses would not run. The gods frown upon our medicine."

The braves thought a moment on this. It was unusual for horses not to run when charged by shouting braves. Perhaps the gods were angered. Each man took stock of his own demeanor. But Tall Bull was thinking of the camp



with the women and children. Against the Pawnees it was possible that the warriors of *The People* might lose. And then the camp would be destroyed and Tall Bull's six-year-old daughter would surely die.

The Cheyenne warriors wheeled about and retraced their trail.

At the first light the lodge poles came down and within the hour the travois were loaded with the buffalo hide tipis, the bundles of jerked meat, the tiny children and an assortment of kettles. With nine ponies pulling the loaded drags, the women and children walking and the dozens of mangy, wild-eyed dogs running and yapping, the entire village pulled out and headed north. Fully loaded, the village could travel 50 miles a day and Tall Bull was confident that he could easily outrun the troopers who traveled 25 miles a day at the outside.

To confuse the troopers he broke

the tribe into small groups and sent them off in oblique directions, thus giving General Carr a dozen trails to follow. The groups were to cross the South Platte and gather at Medicine Rock. The women and children could be left there in safety and then a war party would return to fight the troops.

But an advance scout returned with word that the South Platte was swollen to its banks, and two days from their departure, the group headed by Tall Bull, stopped at White Butte Creek to rest their horses. The weather was good, there was no sign of the troops and Tall Bull decided that pursuit was not being made. He decreed: "We will stop here for two days. Then we shall rush across the South Platte and go to the rock where we starved the Pawnees."

Camped at White Butte Creek, he sent small war parties to the east and west and dispatched the remainder of the

young braves to find a good place to ford the South Platte.

And there he dropped his vigilance. The camp was resting with the old men smoking and sleeping in the shade. It was a warm spring day and the tent flaps were up to let in the breeze and no guard was posted.

Tall Bull had underestimated Major Frank North and his Pawnee scouts. Following the raid, General Carr issued three days field rations and the 5th Cavalry force-marched in pursuit of the Dog Soldiers. When they reached the spot where the trail branched out it might have confused the troops were it not for the Pawnees. The alert scouts noticed immediately that Tall Bull had two white women captive and as prisoners they were made to walk. And the imprint of their shoes was clearly visible among the moccasin prints. The

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The Early Days Of AUGUST

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by J.R. Kovalsky

PART I

Hillary Parker was approximately twenty-five years old. She was the most stunning woman August had ever seen and he was totally fascinated with her. Her hair was of a reddish blonde texture and she always wore it brushed to the left side of her face. Her lips were never a lipstick red, but were set off with a pale shade. She had unusually dark eyes for someone with such a light complexion. Her eyes were what intrigued him, but at the same time they also frightened him. When she looked at him he felt as though she were looking straight through him and he would always find himself raising his hand to his throat, as though this would conceal him from her. He had heard from the men that she was divorced, but none of them really knew — they just talked. wishfully.

He remained standing there, watching her through the glass. Finally she turned her head and saw him. She then quickly terminated her conversation, placed down the phone and started toward the door.

"I'm sorry, Mr. August. I didn't see you. I hope I didn't keep you waiting," she said as she crossed the room toward him.

The blouse she wore dipped down low into the cleft between her breasts. The two women who worked in the outer office and came in contact with the students wore dresses or blouses with high necklines. Hillary seldom, if ever, handled students and did not have to dress as conservatively as they did. But also, they were not endowed as she was either.

Her skirt was taut across her hips and clinging to her thighs. He quickly lifted his eyes so she would not no-

tice him staring at her. "No you didn't," he lied. "I just came in as you turned around." August paused for only a moment and then continued, "I don't feel well this afternoon. I'm going to leave early. This last period is free for me today."

August walked the entire ten blocks distance to his apartment. He had walked very slowly, and now as he turned the corner onto the street where he lived his head began to pain and he had actually developed the headache about which he had lied to Hillary Parker.

August entered the apartment building and climbed the stairs to his apartment on the second floor. The heat was absolutely stifling and he hurried across the room from the door and threw open a window. Then he moved to the bedroom and opened the windows in there. The heat in the apartment had intensified his headache.

He left the bedroom and went into the bathroom to take something for his headache.

Finally he located the aspirin bottle and popped two of the aspirins into his mouth, and dropped the glass bottle. Glass from the broken bottle crunched beneath his feet as he turned away from the washbasin, cursing aloud again as he stepped out of the bathroom.

Almost at once his eyes fell on the piece of brown paper which was lying on the floor just inside the front door. He hurried across the room and scooped it up with one swoop of his hand. His fingers anxiously tore open the telegram. Printed across the paper he found inside the envelope was a single word — CONGRATULATIONS.

Well, after four years this is finally

it, August thought to himself. Finally they are going to use me, formerly murderer and deserter from the army of the Soviet Union. He was not necessarily surprised at receiving the telegram, in fact, he felt greatly relieved, for eventually he knew he would be receiving just such a message. In exactly eight days from receipt of such correspondence he would be hearing from them again — this time with more specific instructions.

August returned to the bathroom, tore the envelope and the telegram into shreds and dropped the pieces into the toilet bowl. He flushed the commode three times, then turned to leave. As he did he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. Suddenly, for the first time in years, he thought he saw the face of Oleg Alexev. But when he stared at his reflection and moved closer toward the mirror it was only the face of Paul August that he saw.

He leaned on the wash-basin and continued to stare at his reflection in the mirror. How could he have seen the face of Oleg Alexev? Why he had even forgotten what Oleg Alexev looked like. The hairline he viewed was not the hair-line of Oleg Alexev — his was a low hair-line, this one was slightly receded. Oleg Alexev had his own beautifully spaced teeth. The teeth which he now saw were false, with a slight space in the front. The hair without the grey may have been Oleg Alexev's, but he could not be sure. The nose was definitely the nose of Paul August. Oleg Alexev had a much smaller nose and his cheek bones were not as high either. The tiny scar threading out from his lip on the right was also Paul August's.

An amazing story of a Russian army officer who arrives in the United States seeking asylum, and is converted into a typical American citizen. His conversion by the C.I.A. and his being absorbed into the American way of life is almost unbelievable. Sooner or later, he knew the time would come to pay for his new life. He is asked to engineer the defection of a top red agent. The harrowing physical dangers he encounters he can handle well. But when the hour of decision arises, when his life and the outcome of his mission hang in the balance, his mind becomes clouded by the woman he once loved and by the whirl of involvement, both personal and political. At the breaking point, their fortunes are resolved in an extraordinary climax.

No — Oleg Alexev was gone forever. He would never be returning.

With this reaffirmation in mind he stepped back from the wash-basin. The broken glass beneath his feet again crunched loudly and he considered cleaning it up, but his head began to throb so he turned into the bedroom and fell across the bed on his stomach. August remained in this position for a moment and then rolled over on his back and stared up at the ceiling. Vivid recollections began to race through his mind. He closed his eyes but this did not remove them. Quickly his mind sped back to that time four and a half years ago when he was pulled from the water in the Florida Straits.

They said he slept, but he believed he passed out; for he recalled nothing about the boat ride back to Key West. He did have a slight recollection of being transferred to another boat before landing at Key West, but they would not confirm it when he asked them and he was not sure anyway — he could have imagined it. In the beginning he also thought that he had been drugged, but he could not remember taking any food or drink so he discounted this too.

His thoughts actually began the next day when he awakened in a bed of clean sheets in a room with an eastern exposure, for he could recall the sun shining in his face the instant he opened his eyes. Also, he must have been bathed, for he felt clean all over and there was a strong smell of soap on his hands. He was wearing a pair of blue pajamas which were too large for him. His face carried a growth of beard.

There was someone else in the room

with him when he awakened. He had been sitting on the chair near the window. But the moment he opened his eyes the person rose and left the room, closing the door behind him. He lay there on the bed for awhile before swinging his feet to the floor. He just sat there then, on the edge of the bed, looking around the strange room.

In addition to the bed, the room contained a straight back chair, a chest of drawers with a mirror, a small stand beside the bed, a deep cushioned chair, and a large circular rug on the floor. There were no pictures on the wall and no curtains hung on the window. Behind him and to the right was a bathroom, and to the right of it he saw an opened closet door. No clothes hung in the closet.

He ran his hand over his face and felt the stubble of his beard. He had never been unshaven before and therefore could not estimate accurately how old his growth of whiskers were. He guessed possibly two or three days at the most. He had shaved the morning of the day he escaped from Cuba — that was one day, but the rest was all blank. Now when he ran his hand over his face again he raised his estimate on the growth of his whiskers to more than three days. For some odd reason he even became annoyed with himself for never going unshaven. If he had, he would have at least been able to know what day it was. He rose from the bed, walked around it and went into the bathroom.

Chapter Two. . . ♦

Vincent Rule had celebrated his forty-third birthday a week ago today. In



Oleg Alexev



Paul August

another week he would be celebrating another — his thirteenth year with the Central Intelligence Agency. He was an inch under six feet tall, but looked taller. He weighed two hundred pounds, but gave the appearance of

weighing twenty pounds less. He kept himself in top physical condition by working out twice daily. His hair was thinning out and he was becoming more bald each day.

Joining an espionage organization was a desire which Rule had never harbored. In fact, it never even entered his mind for an instant. And yet here he was, for thirteen years, a member of just such an organization. He enjoyed working with his hands and in his early years he had always wanted to be a carpenter or a mechanic of some sort. He probably would have been either or both, but shortly after his discharge from the army in 1945 he had gotten married. Unfortunately his wife had no intentions of being married to a carpenter or a mechanic, and prompted by her insistence he was soon enrolled in college. It took him awhile to forgive his wife for altering the course of his life, but he eventually did just this.

By attending college on a year-round basis, also at the behest of his wife, he obtained his degree in three years. Afterwards he went to work as an insurance investigator. For the first three months the work was interesting. Three months later the work became routine. Then after nine months on the job monotony settled in, and shortly afterwards it fell into a pit of boredom and he, of course, accompanied it.

But before that first year of his employment was completed he was already looking elsewhere for new employment. He personally visited prospective employers and sent out resumes to others. A good many were interested in him, but he was not reciprocal. One of his resumes drew a response from an exporting firm. This particular resume happened to be the last one he sent out and the only one to which he expected to receive no response, for there was not the least bit of association between what the firm wanted and what he had to offer.

When he read their letter of acknowledgment asking him to visit them he was still skeptical. He had none of the qualifications for which they advertised. There was probably some mistake to their replying. If they had not been located in the same vicinity as one of the clients he was to visit the next day he would never even have gone to see them.

That next day at two o'clock, with-

out bothering to phone for an appointment, he showed up at their offices. To be more specific, it was simply an office, with an outer and inner chamber. A plump middle-aged woman sat behind an untidy desk in the outer chamber. He identified himself to her and expected to be told the moment after she drew out his resume that there had been a mistake and he should not have received a response. Instead, to his surprise, he watched as she drew out his resume, read over it and asked him to take a seat; explaining that a Mr. Hicks, who was presently out to lunch, would be back shortly to speak with him.

The appearance of this room had thoroughly discouraged the advent of any interest in any position which might be available to him with them. He wasn't even going to wait for this Mr. Hicks. He was about to stand up when the door suddenly opened and a short fat man entered. The man glanced toward where he was sitting and forced a smile on his pudgy lips, and Rule did likewise. Even before he reached the woman's desk she was extending her hand toward him with the resume.

The man glanced down at it momentarily, then turned and moved toward him extending his hand while saying, "Mr. Rule, my name is Hicks, How do you do?" Rule rose, took his hand and acknowledged his greeting. The man's hand had an unusually strong grip for someone his size. Rule had expected his hand to feel weak and soft in the grip of his own, but instead it was as though he were shaking hands with a piece of machinery.

"Would you come this way please, Mr. Rule?" the man said again as their hands parted.

Rule followed him obediently through the door and into the inner chamber of the office. This room was half the size of the one which they had just left. The furnishings consisted of two chairs, one on each side of the desk, and a filing cabinet.

When the man saw him settling back in his chair he opened the folder, leafed through to the third page and began to look over it. They had been silent for only a few moments, but even this was too much for Rule so he said "Mr. Hicks, I think it's best that we come right to the point. Now I have none of the qualifications for which you advertised and I'm sure you are

aware of this. I'm here simply out of curiosity, for I cannot understand why I should have heard from you."

"All right, I'll come to the point, Mr. Rule. First, I am an employee of the United States government." Rule looked at him while an astonished expression formed on his face and wrinkled his brow, but the man quickly continued, "and this is not an exporting firm." He paused again and then leveling a stare at Rule began, "You are of Russian extraction and you were born Vincent Rulinsky. According to your service records you stated that you are fluent in the Russian language."

Rule just stared at him in return, and as a sigh escaped from his lips he asked, "What is this? Are you with the F.B.I.?"

"No."

"Obviously you have access to government records. You know my name was changed from Rulinsky to Rule, and if you know that then you also know that it was a legal change of name."

"I'm not questioning the legality of your name, Mr. Rule."

"Then what are you talking about? And why this front? Do you have any identification on you which shows that you are with the government?" Rule asked these questions in rapid succession.

"No, I don't," the man replied.

Rule chuckled slightly and changed his position in his chair as he remarked, "Come on now. In other words, I'm supposed to take your word that you're with the government, because you have nothing in your possession which would indicate this."

"Yes, that's right," replied the pudgy man, leaning back in his chair and looking across at him.

"...and you expect me to believe you?" Rule asked.

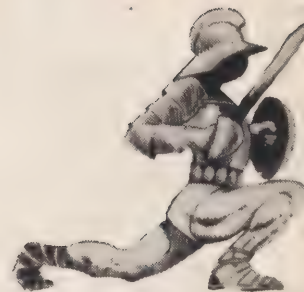
The man leaned forward, clasped his hands in front of him on the desk and asked, "Have you ever heard of the C.I.A.?"

Rule was becoming annoyed with the man and he indicated this by saying, "CIA, XYZ, ABC. What are you talking about? This is getting ridiculous." He quickly stood up and started for the door.

"Mr. Rule," he heard the man say, "the C.I.A. is the Central Intelligence

(continued on page 35)

Men Of VALOR



ATTILA KERESZTES,
CHAMPION OF FREEDOM



Like other men in our VALOR SPOT-LIGHT, Attila Keresztes is a top-notch athlete, one of the greatest sabre fencers of our lifetime. Mr. Keresztes (pronounced ker-ES-tish) is an Olympic Gold Medalist, winner of the U.S. Nationals and the famous Martini and Rossi Trophy, and is now a professional fencing coach.

Attila Keresztes was born in Hungary into an important family. His father was mayor of the third-largest city of that country when Attila was a boy. Through a combination of natural talent, rigorous training, and the guidance of the finest fencing coaches in Europe, Attila soon slashed his way into the ranks of the greatest sabre teams that ever fenced in modern competition.

This was Attila Keresztes' heritage. He was a man of fame and position in his native land. Attila loved the hills and mountains, the cities and people, the very air he breathed in Hungary. Yet, he was willing to give it up for an ideal.....he left all that to face the terribly lonely existence of a man in a strange land without funds, unable to speak our language, almost without a friend in the world.

This too is Valor.

In Europe, fencing is a major sport. Youngsters begin imitating their favorite swordsmen at about the same time kids in the United States hero-worship their baseball or football heroes. When a fencer in Europe fights his way to the top, he receives even greater acclaim than do our football and baseball champions. The Hungarian fencing team is handled with as much concern as any other treasured national resource. Hungary always enters her teams in international tournaments and usually walks away with the laurels.

Attila was one of the Hungarians' key men in the early and middle fifties. Having successfully fenced internationally and having gained the experience

which is essential in this type of sport, he was sent as a member of the Olympic Team to Melbourne, Australia, for the '56 Games.

The Athletic Villages were sprawled out around the arenas, tracks, and compounds. The usual excitement, tensions, confidence and fear, ran through-out the city. However, in 1956 another kind of anxiety hung like a pall over the Hungarian village. Rumors were circulating that some kind of revolution was brewing back home. The Russian Communist-dominated regime was about to be de-tied.

At the very moment when the spark of unrest was exploding into a raging fire which brought Russian tanks thundering into their beloved city of Budapest, the athletes were battling their own war, competing in the Olympic games, attempting to win honor and glory for their beloved country. But with the turmoil and blood-shed in their homeland, many Hungarian athletes were sick at heart, disenchanted with their Communist masters at home.

During the four days of unbelievably strenuous competition, Attila and his comrades were fighting two battles. One

against their opponents in the fencing matches, the other was fought within their hearts.

Attila had to decide. To return to Hungary, his homeland, which he had always loved. Or to abandon it, perhaps forever, because Hungary had been taken over by a regime which denied freedom in any form to her citizens. Life in his beloved homeland would never again be as it once had been, he knew.

This was the decision Attila Keresztes had to make, this was the war that was raging in his heart as he fought time after time, outwardly cool and unruffled. Mr. Keresztes concealed the heart-ache, the pain and fatigue of competition, and at the end, incredibly, he mounted the steps and was awarded his gold medal.

His duty to Hungary had been fulfilled. But while he had been winning his battles, his countrymen at home had been fighting desperately for their very lives.

They lost.

The Russian tanks guarded the streets and squares of beautiful Budapest. Freedom fighters were dead or imprisoned awaiting trials and long prison terms if

not execution. It was time for Attila to decide.

With five other members of the Hungarian team and their coach, the legendary George Pillar, Attila moved over to the American Olympic village. They had chosen. They would not return to tyranny.

When news of what the Hungarian champions had done reached America, *Sports Illustrated Magazine* chartered a plane and had the fencers flown here. Our officials were cooperative and welcomed the refugees to our country. *Sports Illustrated* then arranged for a two week tour of exhibitions of the Hungarian fencing team all over the country. However, after the first hurrahs died down, and the Hungarians found themselves to be yesterday's heroes, their fame forgotten, Attila Keresztes found himself alone in San Francisco, flat broke, and unable to speak a word of the English language.

Mr. Keresztes had had a formal education in Hungary and was experienced as an engineer and he was eventually able to find a job in this capacity. The language obstacle was tremendous but through a combination of good luck and dogged courage, he survived. He trained himself to read English by pouring over Perry Mason novels and by watching television hour after hour. And he found places where he could resume fencing at private clubs and YMCA's. Gradually, he overcame the immediate difficulties and he began to think about fencing in competition once more.

In 1962, six years after his Olympic triumphs, Attila entered and won all the important Martini and Rossi sabre fencing competitions. In 1964, he competed with the U.S. Olympic Team at Tokyo and performed well.

It was also in 1964, that Mr. Keresztes was invited to attend the Bolivarian Games in South America. This is a spectacular sporting event which is held in honor of the great South American Liberator, Simon Bolivar. It was at these games that he was persuaded to work for the government of Peru and take over the coaching of their fencing team.

Under his leadership, the team began to shape up. In facing tough competition from Argentina, Brazil, and other Pan-American teams, they soon became a championship squad. It took Attila three years to perform this incredible task and he returned to this country in 1967 where he is now an American citizen and teaching fencing at the Salle Santelli in New York City.

Valor salutes Attila Keresztes!



Before turning professional, Attila had compiled a list of wins which included every title in the fencing world. Here he holds the Martini and Rossi Trophy.

meet miss VALOR

To the victor belong the spoils! The Valorous deserve the very best of everything, whether it be wine... song...or women. To prove we mean what we say, to show how strongly we believe in this philosophy, we present, for your PIN UP PLEASURE four pages of this issue's MISS VALOR. Meet Vickie Jines.



vickie







EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST

(continued from page 32)

Agency. You are not supposed to know about it. The less anyone knows about it the better. That was exactly what was intended." He paused briefly and then added, "I am interested in recruiting you. That is why I asked to see you."

Rule stopped, backtracked to his chair and sat down again. "Intelligence agency! Are you serious? Why this is like something out of a movie," Rule concluded, breathing deeply.

He sat there the remainder of the afternoon listening to the pudgy man Hicks outlining his proposition. He did not know why he had stayed and listened to him but for some unknown reason he did. But it made no difference that he remained and listened, for even before Hicks began speaking he had already concluded that he would refuse him. When he finished, Rule honored his conclusion by saying no.

Hicks thanked him for listening, shook his hand and requested that he not discuss their meeting with anyone. With this Rule turned and left the office. As he walked from the building he shook his head in disbelief at what he had just heard. He would tell his wife about the meeting with the pudgy little man when he reached home. It would make a good conversation piece.

But Rule did not mention it to his wife when he reached home. He did, however, give a great deal of thought to his conversation with Hicks. What was it that was making him react this way? Only a fool would still be considering and pondering what he was. Was this what he was — was he a fool? All indications pointed to this. And he was even more of a fool, when a week later he found himself phoning Hicks and scheduling an appointment with him.

Now, thirteen years later he was still this same fool. But now he was a foolish man who enjoyed being a fool — this was the only change. Was it the excitement, the danger, the intrigue that the position offered that prompted him to return to see Hicks? It most certainly must have been the reason thirteen years ago. Now, it most definitely was the reason.

On the edge of the wash-basin in the bathroom August found a razor and a can of shaving lather. A towel was draped over the shower doors. He pulled it down and threw it over his shoulder and stared at himself in the mirror. His eyes were bloodshot and black circles ringed them. This was strange — he certainly felt well rested and his eyes did not feel tired or strained. Possibly he had gotten too much rest. This could very well be it; for when he ran his hand over his unshaven face again, while at the same time staring at it in the mirror, he was definitely convinced that the growth of beard was at the least three days old. This meant that there were two complete days for which he could not account.

He turned away from the mirror and stood in the doorway looking over the room again. He had been awake now for well over ten minutes. They knew this. The person who left the room as he awakened certainly informed them of this. Where were they then? You'd think they would want to question him immediately. Or had they already done so during those two days for which he could not account? But if they had, why couldn't he recall it? Unless they used some sort of drug on him? One just does not forget two complete days out of his life, or sleep for forty-eight consecutive hours.

Then, almost as though his questions were being answered, the door suddenly opened and a man entered. Their eyes met instantly across the room and they stood staring at one another while the man slowly closed the door behind him. August stood motionless in the doorway waiting for the man to speak.

The man's face was also expressionless, but finally he spoke asking, "How do you feel?" He spoke in Russian, seemingly without moving his lips. The sound of his voice seemed to be coming from a great distance, for when it reached August's ears it was low, almost a whisper. August mumbled that he was all right, continuing to stare at the man.

"You don't speak English do you?" August confirmed this statement by nodding his head and then asked, "Where am I?"

"In the United States." August still

had not seen the man's lips move when he spoke. He then continued, "We gave you a sedative so that you would sleep."

"Then I was drugged."

"If you want to call it that, yes."

August did not reply so the man spoke again saying, "You're hungry. You want anything special to eat?" August shook his head negatively. "I'll get you something. Go ahead and shave. I'll be right back." With this the man turned, opened the door and left the room.

Here, in this simply furnished room, with but these few words passed between them, August encountered Vincent Rule for the first time. He drew no conclusions about him because he was much more interested in what he had to say than in how he appeared, and Vincent Rule had said very little. He had hoped to learn something from this brief visit and he had learned absolutely nothing. He still did not know exactly where he was, whom he was with, or how he had gotten here. The one person whom he had encountered to date treated him as though he were a hotel guest. But he was no hotel guest and they were quite aware of this.

For the next three days August spoke with no one except Vincent Rule. Rule would ask him questions about his childhood, his early life in the Soviet Union and his life in the army. Not once did he inquire about his tenure in Cuba, or the reason behind his defection.

A time limit must have been placed on the amount of time Rule would spend with him, because toward the end of his visit Rule frequently glanced at his watch, and when a specific hour arrived he would rise, say goodnight and leave. Two hours after Rule left another man would arrive with his evening meal and deposit it on the stand near the bed. He would not speak and seldom even looked at August. This was repeated two hours later when the man returned for the tray. He was alone for the remainder of the evening and he spent his time reading and thinking.

The fourth day, however, began differently for August. A man whom he had never seen before brought him his breakfast tray and he ate alone. When he was finished with his breakfast he had only enough time to smoke a cigarette before his companion of the three previous days arrived. The man stood in the doorway, holding the door open

and instructed August to accompany him. He led him down a long corridor until they came to a wooden unmarked door. He opened the door for August and motioned him inside.

The older man who sat at the head of the table, chomping on a cigar, appeared to be the one in charge. Two black folders lay on the table in front of him and he was glancing through them. Two other less impressive men sat on each side of him. Each had a writing pad in front of him and was rotating a pen between his fingers. The one who sat to the left of the older man rose and walked to the man who sat beside August. He handed him a similar writing pad and then returned to his seat.

The older man finally closed the folder through which he had been glancing, relit his cigar, and looking across the table toward August began to speak. He was speaking in English and making a lengthy statement. The only words August interpreted from this discourse were the term American and his own name.

When the older man concluded the man sitting next to August began to speak in Russian. "We are employees of the American government. We understand that your name is Oleg Alexev and that you are seeking political asylum in the United States. Is this correct?" The man paused briefly and stared at August, who initially wanted to balk at the use of the word political, but then nodded his head affirmatively. The man then quickly continued, "We also understand that your defection was not solicited by this or any other government, but was initiated solely by you. Is this also correct?" August again nodded his head affirmatively. The man went on, "Furthermore, nothing is to be implied from this meeting which would indicate that the United States government will grant you political asylum. Is this also understood?" August did not immediately respond to this question, but just stared at the man who sat beside him. The man seemed about to repeat the statement when August acknowledged the question by nodding his head.

His interview with the three men and the interpreter continued for the remainder of the day, interrupted only by a break for lunch which August ate alone in his room. That entire first day with the three men was spent

inquiring about what August considered trivialities. He again recounted his background in the Soviet Union, even though he had already spent three complete days discussing it. They asked him if he understood English when it should be obvious to them that he did not. They inquired about his knowledge of the United States and, for some reason, seemed surprised at how little he knew about the most general subjects.

The following day, however, they did get down to discussing what August considered to be pertinent and important. They began the day's questioning by asking him to list all the military installations at which he had been stationed and his duties at each. His tenure at missile installations in the Ural Mountains and at Baku were of particular interest to them. They spent the entire second day and the morning session of the third day on these two areas. The majority of the questions on these areas was asked by the two men who sat on each side of the older man. He too, asked questions, but August got the impression that they were only questions of personal clarity on particular answers which he gave. Even the one who sat next to him occasionally asked a question of his own.

Chapter Four... ♦

The next morning when Rule made his appearance in the older man's office he found him already seated behind his desk. The other two men were not yet present and from the comment the older man passed as he entered Rule gathered that they would not be joining them this morning.

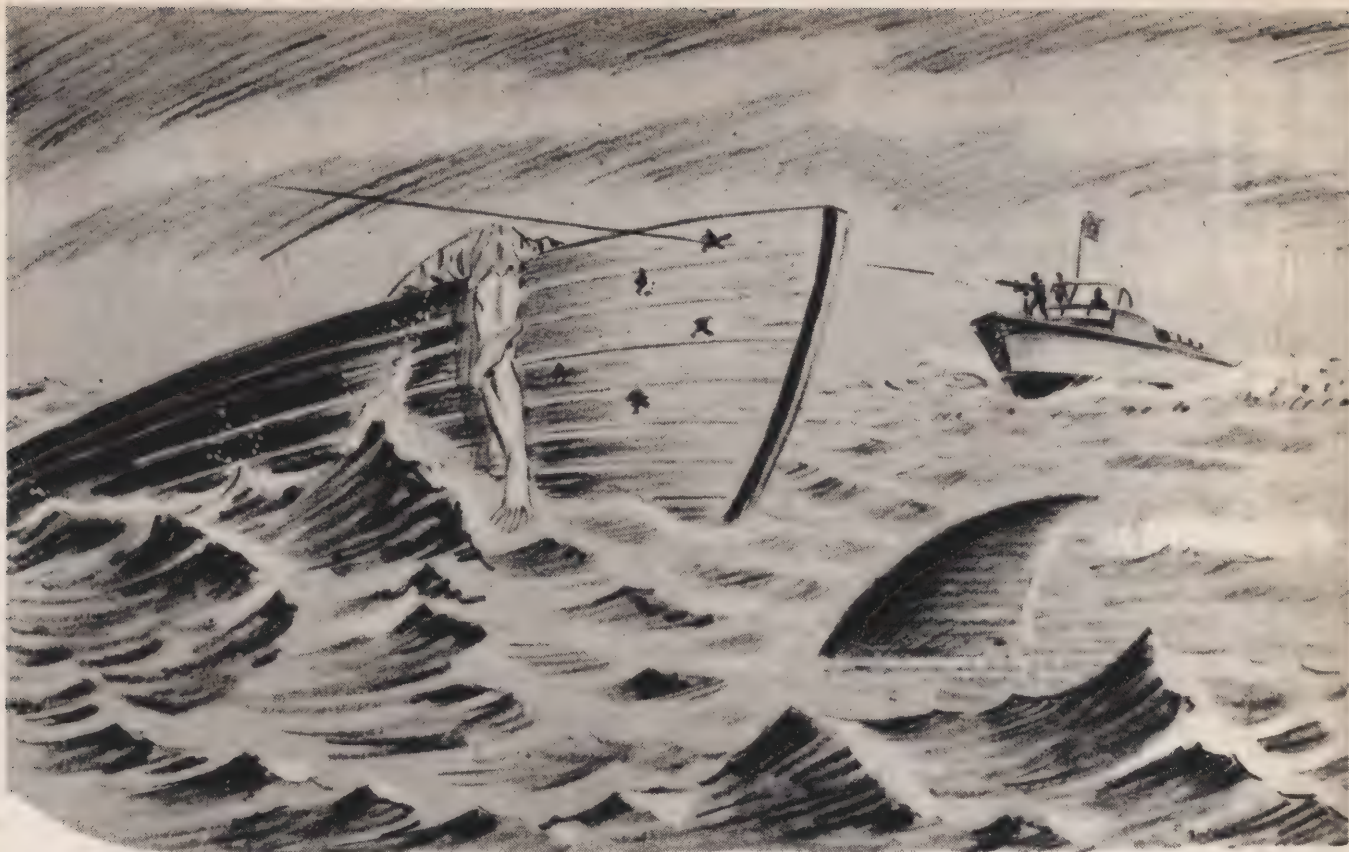
The older man finished arranging material on his desk and then spoke to Rule saying, "Vince, there's been a new development with our boy." His voice was calm and sober and this confused Rule. Something out of the ordinary must have occurred for their usual procedure to be amended and yet there was no indication of this in the older man's voice. Rule did not bother to acknowledge this comment so the man continued, "You remember him telling about the incident with the patrol boat just before he was picked up... the machine gunning of his craft... the shark. Our people have confirmed the loss of an operative in Cuba... the one that was to accompany him in the

craft." The man put on his glasses and picked up a sheet of written material which was on the desk beside him. He was looking over it as he went on, speaking very slowly, "Apparently his presence in the craft was not detected in the attack upon it. In other words when they were spilled into the water only one body must have been spotted by them... and then when the shark came upon the scene..." His voice trailed off and then there was a pause, and when the older man began to speak again he said, "Vince, the Russians have our boy officially listed as being dead."

Finally Cuba did become a topic and almost one and a half weeks were spent on his exposure there. The majority of the questions on this topic was also asked by the two men who flanked the older man at the table. Strangely enough, the questioning commenced with his explanation of his escape procedure from the time he spotted the man, Gonzalez, entering the classroom ahead of the other students, and not with the landing of the ship in Cuba. Particular emphasis was placed on the location of his quarters within the area and the description of the leather shop in the town to which Gonzalez had referred him. They requested a foot by foot description of his quarters in the compound and as much detail as he could possibly remember about the leather shop. August surmised that the questioning began with Gonzalez and his own quarters to ascertain if he was actually the same Oleg Alexev who had initialed the defection and not someone who had been planted in his place after the authorities had learned of the defection. This was the only evaluation he could conceive and accepted it without any reluctance.

They repeatedly asked him about the number and type of missiles which had been deployed in Cuba. He explained to them that he was only familiar with the compound at which he had been stationed and could only venture a guess as to the type and number of missiles which had been deployed. They asked him to venture a guess and he did.

Then finally after two weeks of twelve hours per day questioning the interrogation came to a close, but still not one of the four men asked him why he had defected. Not one question even hinted about it and this was his sole purpose for being here. Why — why



"You remember him telling you about the patrol boat...the machine gunning of his craft...the shark..."

did not one of them ask him? A man does not jeopardize everything in his life just to escape to a strange land to talk about his boyhood. He had betrayed his country — he was a traitor! Didn't they want to know why? This is certainly not an every day occurrence. What sort of men were these four?

He had fled to get a chance to prove himself. He had staked his life on another chance. But why hadn't they asked him why he fled — why? August racked his brain the rest of the evening, but he could not come up with answers to the questions he was asking himself. But he didn't care if he didn't. The answers were just as important to them. They would have to ask them. They would become curious. He would just have to be patient.

Rule was not the least surprised by his statement. The poor visibility in the early dawn mist — the man lying in the bottom of the craft asleep and out of view. The appearance of the shark on the scene and the thrashing water, and then the sudden appearance of the aircraft. It certainly sounded logical that the second man may not

have been seen by the patrol boat and they naturally assumed that the shark's victim was the defector. There was nothing unusual in this deduction. If anything was unusual, it was the speed with which the defector was classified as being dead. And yet even this was not unusual. It was perfectly natural for them to conclude in the manner which they did — positive identification was impossible under the circumstances. Rule could not understand why this should be treated as a new and startling development and he said as much to the older man.

The surprise came when the older man countered with, "It would be an important development if we recruited him."

Rule was stunned upon hearing this. His reaction was, of course, obvious to the older man so he commented appropriately, "What is it Vince? If you have something to say, say it. You're most familiar with him. That's why I have you in here this morning."

Rule straightened himself in his seat and began, "I think we're being too presumptuous. He's only been here a little over a month. I can't see us basing

a decision to recruit him simply upon learning that he's been declared dead by the Russians."

The older man interrupted him by saying, "In other words you're suspicious of him. A few days ago you concluded that he was legitimate. What made you change?"

"I haven't changed anything," Rule explained. "I still say he's legitimate. But it's quite possible that we could be dealing with some sort of psychosis here."

"What if we are, Vince? Suppose we get an army of doctors in here and they declare him to be a...a psychopath? What is this going to mean to us?" He answered his own question by continuing, "I'll tell you what it's going to mean. nothing. absolutely nothing. In fact, I personally hope that he is. If he is there's a better chance of recruiting him." The older man stood up, lit a cigar and remained standing behind his chair, and looking down at Rule went on, "You've been around long enough, Vince. What is the best kind to consider under these conditions?"

Rule quickly interjected, "I'm not against consideration, but I feel we

need more time before making a final decision on him."

"What is more time going to give us?" Here Rule was being concerned about the time element, when usually it was the other way around. The older man was the one who always debated an issue the longest. The older man began saying again, "We all agreed he was legitimate. We'd need the time if we didn't agree. If time is going to change our opinion, then we made an unsound conclusion and should not even be discussing the matter." There was a pause and he ended with, "Time means only delay after a decision has been reached...and I don't believe we were presumptuous or irrational."

It would be useless for Rule to continue his argument, for the older man's closing comment told him that a decision on the subject had already been reached. His being asked to comment on it was only a manner of informing him that one had already been made. Possibly the older man was right? What other kind of person do you attempt to recruit? A political defector is no good — he changed his mind once; he was apt to do it again. But a man filled with hatred and obsessed with being persecuted was something different. It takes years for them to mellow their attitudes and the majority of them never do change. Hate is a passion not easily dismissed and Oleg Alexev certainly did not have to give ground to anyone on this point. Reliability? That's something which is not instantaneous — it is developed and must be proven. Prior to that time it is all a chance. It's the same with every defector — it's all a chance, sometimes you're right and sometimes you're wrong. They would chance being right about Oleg Alexev.

As he crushed out his cigar he asked Rule, "Do you think we could buy him?"

"It's doubtful. We could still use it as an inducement, however, but he's primarily a status seeker. He's never had money. I don't believe he'd fully appreciate it until he's had some experience with it. The promise of some sort of position along with the money might do it."

"You mean something like a military commission?"

"Yes..."

"But wouldn't this more or less be abstract? He certainly couldn't function as an officer and suppose he wanted to?"

"I can't see anything else. We'd have to chance it. Possibly he'd be content with just the title. They usually are in most cases."

Somehow Rule and the older man had believed it necessary to dwell on material inducements and overlooked the fact that the defector had fled not for money or lack of position, but because of hatred and bitterness. The offering of revenge is much more pliable and satisfying to an individual than any material offerings. Vengeance is in our nature. It is, for some strange reason, more precious than gold to the avenger.

Rule surmised this in his first half hour with the Russian after leaving the older man's office. It was not necessary to promise him position and status. Oleg Alexev would do it out of revenge, and to insure that he was ahead, and not just even, he would also accept the money. His acceptance was not immediate. It took Rule the entire afternoon and the next day to work him into an emotional fit of self pity. It was almost as though he had been searching and hoping for an outlet to his vengeance. It took him another day to realize that Rule was providing the best, if not the only outlet.

Almost immediately after his acceptance the defector's training program was initiated. It was begun by introducing him to the English language. He was quick to learn and within six months he could comprehend a conversation. During this first six months period he did nothing else but study the English language. From ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon he was with a tutor. He was provided a television set and a radio to further enhance his absorbing this new language after class hours. He also watched countless movies. English reading material was now provided; at first it was the simple reader used to instruct children, but a gradual progression was made toward more advanced material. Shortly afterward he was provided with a morning newspaper. Upon entering the classroom, the tutor would ask him to explain the contents which had been circled and blocked off for him to read.

At the conclusion of this period he was told to choose another name for himself. He had always liked the name Paul, so he chose it as his first name. For his surname he chose the name August — the month of his birth. From

that moment on he was addressed as Paul August. The tutor would not conclude a sentence without mentioning this name in it. It did not take long for Paul August to become firmly established as a name, especially to the man who would be known by it.

When he began to more easily absorb all the English material, his conditioning became slightly more diverse. An hour each day was then allocated for familiarizing him with Americana. From baseball to Mid-western conservatism — everything was covered. Courses in history and geography were the fundamentals that were stressed. Movies and slides on these subjects were employed. Also, books were provided on sports and the movies. In fact, he was becoming an authority on American sporting events. From Wee Willie Keeler through Stan Musial — he had memorized statistics. He was required to watch all sporting events that appeared on television. After a while, when he began to understand the sports, he even began to enjoy them. But still primary emphasis was always on his absorbing the language portion of the program, and at this he continued to progress rapidly and well.

At the end of the first year he had even adopted the Kentucky accent of his tutor. When this occurred the language instructions were reduced to only the morning hours. The afternoons were spent in the gymnasium and on the study of weaponry, and practicing with the weapons themselves on the range. Afterwards he was introduced to the various apparatus which were currently being employed by the department.

And finally one and a half years after his defection, his actual training as an espionage agent commenced. With this facet of his training the pace and the progress itself was much slower, but this was, of course, expected. Both large and small details had to be embedded into his mind. Hours were long and tedious. He had to be transformed into a machine; one that would respond immediately and correctly to a given circumstance, and above all, one that would never fail. But he had been a machine once before and adjusting himself to this condition again would not be difficult — and it was not. Hate and bitterness are two of the best known lubricants for both the mind and the body. And they function together well, especially in the mind.

It was during this period that he consented to the operation which would alter his appearance to how they wanted Paul August to look. They showed him sketches of how he would appear after the operation and his consent was granted without much reservation. It was necessary they told him — absolutely necessary. It would be impossible for him to function as Paul August with the face of Oleg Alexev, and he wanted desperately to be able to function as Paul August. It was as simple as this.

All of this, from his introduction to the English language to the operation, was accomplished within the compound to which he had originally been brought. Oleg Alexev, now Paul August, had not once set foot outside of it. Even his women had been brought inside to him. Everything he desired was provided for him inside the compound. Only one thing was lacking and this one thing was people. Paul August had forgotten how to exist outside the compound among people. A readjustment was necessary and this readjustment could in no way be simulated. This one would have to be confronted directly.

And it was Vincent Rule who was delegated the responsibility of aiding in this readjustment. It had been over two years ago that he had last seen this man who was now known as Paul August. However, he was not ignorant of his progress. He had been issued progress reports periodically on the man whom he had induced into becoming an agent and had anticipated the assignment.

This man, who had become Paul August, was a completely inverted specimen of the individual Rule had remembered. He was prepared for the physical change, for he had seen photographs of him since the operation. But he was both amazed and unprepared for the man who existed beneath these facial features.

This inner man spoke English without the trace of a foreign accent. He was overflowing with self-confidence. He had an easy way about him. He greeted Rule as though he were a long lost friend. He appeared urbane and cultured. The shroud of insecurity no longer draped over him. Rule had expected to feel a sense of reliance upon him being generated from the man. Instead, it was just the opposite. Rule found himself fighting to convince himself that the



August was hired by the unsuspecting Board of Education. Now Rule's function was complete.

man really was dependent upon him. And it was difficult, for how do you Americanize someone who appears to be more American than you are? It was so uncanny that it frightened Rule. Not that he was necessarily afraid of the man himself, but if they could transform someone so completely as this so could the Soviets.

It took a week for Rule to become fully accustomed to August and this entire week was spent inside the compound. He could not become adjusted within the two day period which he had originally allocated for this purpose, but finally at the end of seven days he believed he was ready to cope with August so they assembled their belongings, packed them into Rule's car and left the compound.

They spent the first four months traveling throughout the country. They flew by plane, went by train, and drove by car. From the Northeast to the South; Midwest to the West Coast; then through the Southwest; and then they repeated their journey. What surprised Rule was that nothing seemed to interest or fascinate August. It was as though he had been to all of these places before.

Then finally, nine months after they left the compound, Rule was instructed to deliver August to a duty station in Indiana. It was here that August was trained and conditioned for the guise of a high school history teacher in a Mid-western school. Diplomas and documents to substantiate this guise were provided by the agency. Correspondence by the school to which he applied for a position to confirm these diplomas and documents was intercepted by the agency; and they in turn would reply accordingly, supplying the confirming information.

The job was well done and August was hired by the unsuspecting board of education at the school for the forthcoming semester. With his acceptance Rule's function was completed and he was withdrawn from the assignment. In a few months August was all but forgotten. It was like the disappearance of the last snow of winter — it's remembered even through the first warmth of spring, but gradually forgotten as the characteristics of the new season become more evident. Until finally, one has difficulty even remembering how it was to feel the white powder beneath his feet.



**His eyes traversed the room
only once before they settled
on Hillary Parker.**

August awakened in the shivering cold of the room. He was huddled on the bed with his knees beneath his chin and his arms wrapped tightly around himself. He quickly swung his feet to the floor, stood up, and when he finally gained his sense of direction, went around the apartment and closed all of the windows. He then moved through the rooms feeling the radiators — they were all hot. It would not be long before they heated up the apartment again.

He lit a cigarette, then returned to the bedroom and put on his jacket. As he was returning to the living room there was a knock at the door.

"Who the hell is that?" he asked himself, glancing down at his watch as he crossed the room toward the door. When he opened the door he saw Luke Norman standing there and at once remembered why he was calling on him.

He and Luke had arranged to attend a party which one of the teachers was having tonight.

He had forgotten all about it until he saw Luke Norman standing outside his door.

"You about ready, Paul?" Luke asked as he walked past him into the apartment.

"Luke, why don't you go on ahead without me. I'll meet you there. I just woke up before you knocked. I have to shave and clean up yet," August told him, moving his hand over his face.

"Start getting ready. I'll wait for you."

"No.. you go ahead. No use both of us being late."

"All right," Luke acquiesced as he started toward the door. "You sure you have the address?"

"Yes, I have it here in my coat pocket," August replied, patting his breast pocket.

"Ok. I'll see you later then," Luke said, opening the door and raising his hand to wave as he left the apartment.

The apartment had warmed up considerably in this short time so August removed his jacket as he went to the closet, took out a broom and dust pan, and headed toward the bathroom to clean up the broken glass.

Luke Norman was thirty years old and came from a small town in Connec-

ticut. He was of medium height, slim in build, and wore contact lenses. He dressed well and maintained a huge wardrobe, which led August to assume that he spent his entire salary on clothes. He had sharp features and despite his thin physique was an attractive good looking man. He taught Health and Physical Education and, to August's surprise, was also the wrestling coach. This athletic interest of Norman's provided August with an avenue for keeping in physical condition.

Apart from their Saturdays at the gym they usually always double dated — that was, however, until recently. For the last few weeks Norman had steadily, and alone, been dating one of the women on the faculty. August was, in fact, slightly relieved because of his new interest, for he was having trouble keeping pace with Norman.

But physical exhaustion was not primarily why August was relieved at not having to see too much of Norman anymore. Instead, he was becoming alarmed with Norman's political discourses. It was as though Norman had singled him out to be his audience and the moment that there was a lull in their conversation Norman would immediately commence with his political observation. It was not that August was concerned with Luke Norman's observations, but that he might instead make some observations of his own which would most certainly sound entirely too subjective. And above all Luke Norman was, by his own admission, a Communist.

What surprised August most was that Norman volunteered this information on the second occasion that they were alone together.

It was after ten o'clock when August arrived at the party. He had left his car in the school parking lot this afternoon and instead of taking a cab he had walked the distance to the home of the faculty member where the party was being held. The long walk through the cold night air refreshed and cleared his mind so completely that he had all but forgotten about the telegram which he had received this afternoon. Except for his ears, which had been numbed by the cold, he felt in excellent spirits. He was in the mood to enjoy himself this evening and he was certainly going to do so. It would be eight nights and seven days before he would have

to become serious about anything and he was not about to begin before that time elapsed.

His eyes traversed the room only once before they settled on Hillary Parker, standing with a group of people near the stairway.

She was standing and facing in his direction. When she saw him she motioned a greeting with her hand. He nodded in return and smiled at her. She then returned her attention to the people with whom she was standing. August also turned away and looked for Luke Norman at the bar. He was not there, but when his attention was attracted by a group of men speaking in tones above the rest of the groups he saw him. He held two drinks in his hands, so August moved toward him to relieve him of one of them.

He reached Norman's side as he was saying, "Why is it that anytime someone voices an opinion contrary to the administration's he's immediately considered to be a Communist?" He cast a glance in August's direction when he felt the glass being lifted from his hand. The look in his eyes indicated that he was conscious of the fact that August had overheard his remark. August next expected to be drawn into the discussion which now appeared to have overtones of an argument. But instead, Norman turned from him and spoke to a man directly across from him saying, "We destroyed the Japanese civilization and culture and made them a carbon copy of ourselves. you can't deny that. Any civilization they have now is an outgrowth of our own. We've taken away their way of life."

"My God, Norman, there was a war. Would you have liked to have had their way of life prevail? You have quaintness confused with ignorance," the man replied to Norman. Before another comment was made August turned and left the group. Norman did not follow after him, but remained behind in the process of replying to the statements which the man had made. Before he drifted out of the range of Luke Norman's voice he heard him say, "We still did not have to destroy them as completely and as thoroughly as we did. We defeated their armies. . that was enough."

The loud music had been exchanged for a softer sound and a few of the couples had begun to dance. August looked to where Hillary Parker had been standing, but she was no longer

with the group. He turned slightly and looked to his left and saw her at the bar. She was alone except for the man who stood behind the bar apparently fixing her a drink. August quickly finished his drink and started toward her.

"Hello, Bob," he said to the man behind the bar.

"Hi, Paul," the man replied, glancing up momentarily. "How's it going?"

"Need a refill."

"Come on now, help yourself," Bob said, smiling.

"Drinks for the women I'll make. . . and gladly, but for you guys absolutely not. I have none of the qualifications of a bartender. Oh no. I'm not getting stuck behind here." He carefully placed a drink down in front of Hillary and remarked, "Ahh. . . my masterpiece." With this comment he pretended to be sneaking away from the bar. Hillary laughed at his antics and so did August.

"How do you feel now?" Hillary Parker asked him.

"Much better. . . thanks. A couple of aspirins an hour's sleep. . . works wonders," August responded, pouring his drink. He wished there was something else he could think of to say to her. Not small talk, but something intelligent — something which would start a conversation. But he had to say something to her. Something which would keep her there with him. He just could not stand there in silence, fixing himself a drink. Finally he asked the most logical of questions, "Would you like to dance?"

Hillary Parker held herself close to him as they danced. The room was crowded and stuffy, and yet he was experiencing a refreshing sensation holding her in his arms. Her body felt weightless against his as they swayed to the music. Her perfume filled his nostrils as he lowered his face against her cheek. Her hair was soft and smelled fresh and clean as it brushed against his face. He tightened his arm around her waist and could feel her body fit itself against his own. He loosened his hand from around her waist to see if she would pull back from him, but she did not so he returned it to the small of her back. He wanted to see her face, to look into her eyes, but if he did this he would have to pull himself away from her.

The music began again while they were still standing together, but he

did not take her in his arms. Instead, he led her back to where they had left their drinks. Their eyes met as he handed the drink to her and he wanted to speak, but his lips would not utter the words he was thinking.

Finally she broke the silence between them by saying, "It appears that your friend Mr. Norman is enjoying himself immensely." As she spoke she looked to where Luke Norman still stood with the group of men.

"Oh yes. . . he frequently becomes a political analyst when he has the attention of at least a group of one," August remarked, also looking in his direction.

Then suddenly, as though the subsiding music was a cue, there were a few loud remarks emitted from the group of men which surrounded Luke Norman. This was followed by the scuffling of feet and a woman's scream. When August looked up he saw two dark streams rolling from Luke Norman's nose, down his chin and splattering on his white shirt. Two men were restraining him, while another two held back a second man whom August heard remark angrily, "You lousy Communist bastard."

August moved quickly from the bar and in a moment was standing between Norman and the man. Luke Norman struggled in the grasp of the two men, but August held him back.

"Come on, Luke. That's enough. . . you've had too much to drink." August nodded for the two men to release him and as they did Luke pushed away their hands. He then shrugged his shoulders, pulled out his handkerchief and began to wipe the blood from his face. He glared across at the man who had struck him, then spun around, pushed his way past the people and went out the door.

August remained standing there a moment longer looking after Norman and then also started toward the door. When he reached the door and opened it he saw that Norman had already reached his car which had been parked directly in front of the house. He called to him, but Norman did not stop. He instead threw open the door of the car, climbed in, turned on the ignition, and as soon as the motor turned over pulled away from the curb and sped down the street.

August stood watching from the bottom of the porch until the car disappeared from sight. When he turned

around Hillary Parker was standing behind him with her arm extended and holding his coat. He took it from her and put it on.

"I didn't think that you'd want to go back inside," she said to him.

"I don't," he said, looking into her eyes.

The small cocktail lounge was practically deserted except for themselves and two other couples. The sound of piano music drifted from the corner where a large fat man sat, moving his hands over the keyboard. A small light above the keyboard played across his huge chubby hands as they adroitly glided from key to key. The only other illuminations in the lounge were from candles on the three occupied tables. Additional light drifted in from the bar area where the bartender stood conversing with the waiter, but it was a weak light and barely managed to penetrate the doorway.

They were on their second drinks now and had danced to the soft sound of the piano until they were both slightly fatigued. Since their return from the dance floor they had spoken but a few words, though not really conversing. Then, as though both had become aware of their silence at the same moment, each began to speak at the same time. Then both stopped and together told one another to continue. Finally they both burst into laughter at their antics. When their laughter ceased it was Hillary who spoke first saying, "How did you manage to find this place? I've lived in this town all my life and never knew it was here."

"Just by chance. I was driving one night and found myself along this road. When I stopped to turn around. . . here I was," he answered as he lifted his drink to his mouth.

This was becoming ridiculous. Neither could think of anything to say simply because they did not want to talk, so they were just making sounds instead of speaking freely. He placed his glass down and fixed his eyes on her face. She smiled across at him. He returned her smile with his eyes, then rose up from his chair, leaned across the table and kissed her.

Her lips were warm and tasted of the rum she was drinking. She held her breath as his lips moved tenderly against hers. The music in the background became deaf in his ears as

she returned his kiss. He wanted to take her in his arms; here, this very moment, and make love to her. This was why he had been unable to speak to her. You do not make love to a woman with words. You make love by feeling, by wanting, by taking; but never with words. Words are superfluous when a man makes love to a woman, and even more so before and after he makes love to her. Words are not for lovers. Silence is the language of lovers and both of them were experiencing this void of words.

His eyes remained fixed on her face after their lips parted and he sat down. There was a sparkle in her eyes and that same smile crossed her lips again. Then she lowered her eyes from his face and spoke softly saying, "I wanted that. I wanted you to kiss me."

He reached across the table and with his hand slowly lifted her face toward him. "And I wanted very much to kiss you. from the first moment I saw you." She smiled at him again as she took his hand in both of hers and placed it against her cheek. He then spoke again saying, "Let's not stay here. I want to leave."

It was much colder and the wind was not gusting. Hillary huddled against him as they walked toward where the car was parked. He opened the door for her and then went around and got in on the driver's side. He placed the key in the ignition, but then pulled his hand away and turned to look at her. She was turned toward him, not smiling now, but just staring at him. He slid from beneath the wheel and drew her against him. He looked down at her face for a moment before he pressed his lips against hers and his arms encircled her.

His kiss was fierce and violent as he crushed her body against his own. Her hands held his face down to hers and she sighed as she returned his impetuous kiss. The passion within his mind and body began to mount until he could almost feel himself inside of her. Her entire body was tingling with sensation as his hands moved across her back beneath her coat. She was wanting him, as much as he wanted her. Her body was demanding that she submit to its need to be loved.

"Come home with me, Hillary. Stay with me tonight," he whispered to her as he kissed her hair.

She did not answer but instead slowly withdrew from his embrace. He looked at her, but she kept her face lowered



When she told him to stop they were on a heavily wooded area on a knoll high above the lake.

and slid away from him.

Her lips trembled slightly before she began to speak saying, "My. my folks have a place not far from here. They usually use it on weekends, but they won't be there this weekend. When. when I left you in there I. I called them. I told them that I would be spending the weekend with a friend."

It was a short drive and this one too was mostly in silence. She spoke only to give him directions. The road they took paralleled a lake for approximately three hundred yards before they turned off to the right and up a slight grade for another hundred yards. When she told him to stop they were in a heavily wooded area on a knoll high above the lake.

Inside the cabin it was even colder than in the outside air. Hillary did not move from his side once they entered the cabin. She stood there as though she was in unfamiliar surroundings. She did not speak until he asked where the lights were, then she said, "No. no please; don't put the lights on."

Her words were uttered in the form of a plea, almost as though she was afraid. He was about to speak to her when she suddenly left his side and walked into the darkened room. He heard the sound of draperies being pulled apart and a moment later moonlight fell through a large window sufficiently illuminating the room so that he could see her standing beside the window.

She was staring at him from across the room and as he took a step toward her she spoke, attempting to sound casual, "The cabin is heated. I'll adjust the thermostat. It won't take long to get warm." She moved away from the window to the wall on the opposite side of the room. There was a slight rumbling sound as the furnace ignited. Then she spoke again saying, "There's a fireplace too. It's operated by gas." As she spoke the flame illuminated in the fireplace beside her.

He removed his coat as he walked across the room toward where she stood. When he stopped before her in front of the fireplace she slowly raised her eyes to his face again. He did not remove his eyes from her face as he threw his coat across a nearby chair. Then slowly he lifted his hands to the coat collar which she had turned up over her neck and turned it down. He then moved his hands to her face and gently took it in his hands. She

closed her eyes as he lowered his lips to hers.

Her face was cold beneath his hands, but her lips were warm as they moved to return his kiss. He did not embrace her, but continued to hold her face in his hands. When their lips parted his eyes remained fixed on her face and he smiled at her. She did not return his smile, but stared deep into his eyes. He took both her hands in his own, raised them to his lips and kissed them, his eyes never leaving her face. Then still holding her hands in his own he drew her against him. He freed one of his hands and began to undo the buttons up the front of her coat. When they were all undone he slipped the coat from her shoulders to the floor.

The flickering light from the flames in the fireplace danced on her face and silken hair as he then undid her dress and it too fell from her shoulders in a heap to the floor. Her body was soft and becoming warmer as it pressed against him there in the still cold room. Her arms encircled his neck and held him tightly as she raised her lips to his.

Finally, when their kiss ended he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bed which was behind her against the wall. Before placing her down on the bed he pulled back the spread. The sheets were ice cold against his arm and he felt her tremor slightly as he released her from his arms and lowered her to the bed. She pulled the sheet up around her neck and smiled up at him.

August's lips found hers again in the pulsating light which probed the darkened room seeking them out. The bed was now warmed as she hungrily returned his kiss and slid beneath him.

Chapter Six... ♦

When August saw the circular in the mail box he just knew that this had to be it. The contact material would be identifiable by the term or form of a red bird he remembered. The first thing August did was to look for the emblem as he opened the correspondence and glanced over the enclosed material — he saw no such emblem. The circular was from a mail order house whose address was in Boston. They were soliciting hand-made luggage. Photographs of their products were enclosed, along with a form letter. It was the usual type that accompanied such a

circular; describing workmanship, longevity of the product, the status symbol, which it portrayed, but no reference whatsoever was being made to any type of bird, let alone a red one.

August read through the letter once and then a second time. Still, he detected nothing about birds. But this had to be it; it just had to be. He picked up the photographs again, carefully studied them and reread the captions beneath each — still nothing, nothing at all. He considered working the letter with the various codes which he would have to employ to decipher the message once he learned the key to it. Then he decided against it, for there was always the possibility that he just might inadvertently construct an intelligent wording which would resemble the actual message.

But they had told him that it would be a very simple code which he would have to decipher. The slightest camouflage was being used only in case it was delivered to the wrong addressee. He should not be having this difficulty in locating and identifying the key. He picked up the letter again and studied it momentarily. This time his eyes dropped to the signature at the bottom of the page. He had not taken notice of it before. And there it was — Matthew S. Robin. So obvious and yet he had missed it. Detail — again detail; he would have to remember to be conscious of detail, especially such obvious detail.

Five letters, he thought. The code for five letters was to begin with the center sentence and proceed backward to the first, using the fifth word from the end of the sentence. Then he was to pick up the last sentence and work back to the center sentence, again extracting the fifth word from the end of each sentence.

He drew out his pen and began extracting the fifth word from the end of each sentence. When he finished he had the following words listed:

take \$8.00 am flight to new yorkshire on last day of month take one piece luggage leave it at air field go to \$6.00 east \$5.70 street room 46 sit and pick up sporting news.

By converting the dollar amounts to numerals and dropping the "shire" from yorkshire he learned that he was to take an eight A.M. flight to New York and go to 600 East 57 Street, room 46. He then drew out a fresh

piece of paper, jotted down the address and room number across the top, then tore off the section on which he had written, folded and stuffed it into his key case. He gathered up the circular and began tearing it into small pieces. When he was satisfied with the size of the pieces, he stood up and went to the calendar.

The last day of the month fell on a Saturday, a week from tomorrow. He turned from the calendar and went to the bathroom, dropped the pieces of paper into the commode and flushed them away. He switched on the light and looked at himself in the mirror as he removed his tie and shirt. He needed a shave. His beard seemed to have become heavier during the last year. He wondered if the plastic surgery had anything to do with it. As Oleg Alexev shaving once daily was enough, but now at four o'clock in the afternoon his face was already shadowed with his beard. He stopped admiring himself in the mirror and began to fill the washbasin with water. He'd have to rush now. Hillary would be here within the hour.

Hillary Parker overwhelmed him. He had never before been so completely captivated by a woman. She was continuously on his mind while she was away from him. But this was definitely not a frustrating experience for him, for it was exactly what he wanted. He enjoyed thinking about her each and every moment. It was as though his lungs were constantly filled with a breath of fresh spring air, invigorating and energizing every part of his body until his senses tingled with the sensation. No one had ever made him feel this way before, not even for a moment. And this was how he had always hoped he would be able to feel for a woman. Such a feeling, no matter how compelling, is the most desirable experience that a man can contemplate. It demonstrates the very essence of existence. He nurtured every thought of her that his mind formulated so his body could completely absorb and relish it. Hillary Parker was definitely the best thing that had ever happened to both his mind and his body.

During this same period his friendship with Luke Norman terminated, though he did attempt to maintain it. It was almost as though Norman had anticipated this breach between them. Norman's attitude toward him changed abruptly and he could not

understand the reason for it.

The next few days with Hillary only contributed to making his separation from her, as brief as it may be, more difficult. He even considered asking her to make the trip with him, but then discarded it when he realized he did not know how much time he would have to spend with his contact. He would probably be engaged with him the entire time he was there, and besides, they were more apt to find out about her if she did make the trip with him. It was best that they knew nothing about her until it was all over. If they found out about his relationship with her they might even decide against using him. He could not afford to have this happen. If they didn't use him it would be as though he had wasted everything. Sure, he had spent only a few years in preparation. What was a few years? But it was not these years that would be wasted. It would be the score of years he had spent being tormented and frustrated that would go unavenged that he could never forget. How many are given the opportunity that he was being given? Few, if any — of this he was positive. No satisfaction after almost twenty years of being degraded and humiliated. A man's entitled to satisfaction after such a length of time. It's a waste of life to be deprived of it. He could not exist without it. It was only this that came ahead of Hillary Parker in his life. And if he never attained it there would be no life for him with her. He had to be reimbursed for twenty years of his life. The void had to be filled with revenge. Nothing else fills an expanse of time so completely and thoroughly; not money, not a new life — nothing.

He lay with her cradled in his arms and her head resting on his chest.

As their lips parted and he released her she pushed him over on his back and then raised herself up until her face was directly above his and said to him, "Now, tell me about Paul August. All I know about you is what they have in the personnel folder at the school."

"That's private information. You shouldn't be looking at it. I think I'll report you to the school," he said jokingly.

"I'd like to know something about the man with whom I've been to bed."

"You never talk about yourself before coming here to teach school. It's almost



They sat before the fireplace and nothing else in life mattered to him...nothing except REVENGE.

as though you were not born until you came here. Anytime I ask you to tell me about yourself you somehow manage to reverse the question and I end up speaking about myself."

He was totally unprepared for this and yet her inquiry was not unusual. He certainly should have expected it. Probably it was because this was the first time she had actually pressed her inquiry. Previously she had only commented casually on his background and he had always been able to divert her interest. He now suddenly found himself, for some odd reason, comparing her with Luke Norman. Not once had Norman ever inquired about his background and yet he never thought this to be strange. Well, it was — very strange, and somehow he did not become aware of it until this moment with Hillary. Norman should have asked. Why hadn't he? It was unnatural for him not to have asked. He, on the other hand, had asked Luke Norman about himself and Norman had told him. But not once did he ask him to reciprocate. They were constant companions for months. They spoke about practically every conceivable topic. Why had he not become aware of this sooner? People are curious. They ask questions. Why hadn't Luke Norman?

But Luke Norman was soon forgotten when August stared up at the beautiful face directly above his own. Who cares about Luke Norman? He was the type that liked to talk, not listen. There are many people that fit that category. There was nothing unusual about it. What was wrong with him, feeding suspicion to his mind like some damn fool? And anyway, what the hell was he doing thinking about anyone else at a time like this? But Hillary was right, he would have to be serious with her now. Because this time she was, and there was no possible way to fend and parry her inquiry. What and why had he avoided discussing himself with her? They had specifically told him not to be reticent. They had even provided him with a background. What was he so concerned about? He should have used it.

He started to tell it to her now, but then changed his mind and instead began saying, "When you speak about your early life you speak about happy times and happy things. things and experiences which you cherish and want

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VOYAGE OF THE FAR WEST

(continued from page 20)



*Curley, a Crow scout, who claims to have survived the
Custer fight in 1876.*

off and signalled his pilot to move out. Paddle-wheels thrashing in reverse, the *Far West* backed out to midstream, leveled out, got under way and resumed her interrupted journey.

At Fort Stevenson, Marsh halted his boat to take on badly needed supplies and to drape the steamer's derrick and jackstaff in mourning black for Custer's valiant dead on the far-off slopes of the Little Bighorn. Prayers were said on deck for the fallen troopers, and again the sturdy little river boat cast off and continued its swift dash down the Missouri.

At 11 p.m. on July 5, 1876, the *Far West* arrived at Bismarck, having averaged nearly an incredible 350 miles a day; a record for those dangerous waters that remains unbroken today. Best of all, Captain Marsh and Dr. Porter had virtually won a total victory in their race with Death, as only one wounded man had died en route.

"God Himself was aboard the *Far West*, granting us a miracle," was the skipper's humble explanation of the heroic feat.

Army doctors at Fort Lincoln, after examining the wounded, agreed that a miracle had indeed occurred. "But," amplified the chief surgeon, "God needed capable human instruments to perform the job, and Doctor Porter and Captain Marsh and his crew of the *Far West* certainly filled the Divine prescription!"

The epic voyage of the *Far West* became a classic of American river lore, but to the general public of the period-dazed with the stunning news of the Custer disaster—the tremendous feat of Doctor Porter and Captain Marsh and his crew went practically unnoticed. Today, the rash, foolhardy Custer remains a popular hero, while these great American heroes, ranking with the most gallant in our nation's history, have been forgotten by all but the grateful descendants of the fifty-one wounded soldiers whose lives they saved.



(continued from page 25)

far-flung roads. These sturdy citizens bore arms in the Legions, fought Rome's wars, and they deserved more than the present rulers of Rome were giving them.

Lucius realized he was still holding the sack of gold with which he had been bribed. He cast it from him, disdainful of it now. Somehow, he knew they surmised what was in that bag. They realized that every one of them had bet heavily on their hero, Lucius. Now, they saw their hero cast a money-bag to the sands and they guessed once more that they were about to be betrayed.

In the Emperor's box, the man who ruled the vast empire suddenly roused and leaned forward. Around him the nobles shifted uneasily and darted guilty glances at each other.

"What's this? What's this? I heard coins clink when the gladiator cast that bag aside." He turned, letting his red-veined eyes rest on those nearest him. "You scoundrels are up to your old tricks, aren't you? You have bribed this fellow?"

The nearest nobleman blanched for he knew that his ruler was fully capable of sending him down to face a hungry lion on those blood-drenched sands.

"Lucius, the dishonored equite, has merely been give a moderate sum to encourage him to a greater effort, Highness," the patrician murmured. "He had been drinking and Cribus, Captain of the Praetorian Guard, feared that Lucius would not provide the mob with a good contest."

The Emperor sniffed disbelievingly but his gesture meant he'd accept the story for now. At the gesture, Lucius and Rythgo began walking across the raked sand toward the Imperial Box.

There was a hush now. Not a sound was heard in the vast Amphitheatrum Flavian as the atagonists paused side by side looking up at the Emperor of Rome.

"Hail, Philippus! We salute you!"

The Emperor nodded indifferently and made a 'get-on-with-it' gesture with his hand. Lucius turned, walking with measured tread to the center of the vast arena, then he turned to await the first charge of the barbarian.

He felt sad that it should all end this way. Not sad for himself for he had faced death before many times. Up there, the multitudes had seen him drop the sacked gold. They would see that he was either ill or drugged and they'd know that once more they



Lucius dropped flat as the ponderous blade of the broad-ax whistled by.

had been victimized by the nobles who taxed, conscripted, and wrung them dry of gold or blood, whichever was needed at the moment.

The barbarian, Rythgo, swung the huge broad-ax a few times. His shield, small and round, was clamped in place on his left fore-arm. It would turn the blow of a mightier weapon than the slender sword Lucius held.

The barbarian shouted words in his own heathen tongue and Lucius remembered hearing battle cries like it. Rythgo swung the sword in an arc around his head and the sound as it cut the air was heard in the highest tier of the Colosseum.

Lucius was beginning to sweat now. The Roman sun hammered down at him and the gladiator began to wonder if he wasn't feeling less weakened than he had been all day. Maybe he could sweat out the poison?

The barbarian was ready now. He advanced, broad-ax ready to strike, held above his right shoulder, left foot first, the right brought up, a warrior's balanced stance. Then, when he was

ten feet away, he suddenly darted forward, at the same time bringing the heavy broad-ax around and down. At the last second, Lucius leaned to his left and stepped sluggishly toward his enemy. He staggered with the effort and sweat half-blinded him but he was still alive, he was grateful for that.

"Lucius!" the thundered name crashed like a wave on the bloodied sands.

Lucius steadied himself and turned. *Just in time.*

The broad-ax was swung with both hands in a wide arc, horizontally, and waist high. Lucius could not duck, leap clear, or dodge the blow. He did the only thing possible, dropping flat as the ponderous blade whistled by.

Rythgo snarled a word that Lucius guessed was not a term of endearment and set himself for another blow. This time he swung from the left, up over his head, smashing it down at Lucius where he sprawled weakly.

The gladiator heard the shouted warning from the crowd. His face was pressed

into the sand and he did not see the flashing broad-ax above him but instinct saved him once more. Calculating instantly the position and stance, knowing the blade would come from left to right, Lucius rolled away to the right because previously he had dodged in the opposite direction and Rythgo, an experienced warrior, would expect such a move!

The blade slammed into the sand so close it grazed his shoulder and smashed into the heavy plank floor beneath the sand.

I need time, Lucius thought. He rolled away and half ran twenty feet before he turned to see Rythgo yanking hard at his great ax to withdraw it from the wood. Lucius shuddered. If that had struck him? His troubles would be over now.

Lucius made himself walk calmly, almost with a swagger, toward a chest-high post on which hung a leathern flask which contained watered wine. He was sweating heavily now and the gladiator sensed that this was good. The sweat was dissipating the effect of the drug and Lucius felt stronger with each passing minute.

"Lucius! Lucius!" the crowd roared, somehow happy even though until now their hero had not struck a blow in his defense. The gladiator seized the flask, drank deeply, then turned just in time to see Rythgo charging, the huge ax raised to strike.

Lucius flung the flask at the giant and leaped back just as the broad-ax whistled through the air. It missed him but it sliced cleanly through the eight-inch oaken post nearby.

I'm almost strong enough now, Lucius told himself, *but not yet*.

Each time Rythgo set himself to strike, Lucius stepped out of reach. It was hotter than any day Lucius could remember, even in the vast African deserts when they had campaigned against the Vandals. Rythgo was feeling the heat now, his mighty efforts causing him to perspire even harder than the smaller gladiator.

Now, the spring was returning to Lucius' legs. He dodged more quickly but he still hadn't struck an answering blow.

His chance came when Rythgo leaped toward him, his ax haft held short. He swept his massive left arm around, surprising Lucius. The edge of the shield slammed into his shoulder and Lucius was hurled sideways, falling heavily on his side.

Rythgo's shouted triumph echoed off the Colosseum's towering walls. He leaped at Lucius, the ax high over his head, his massive foot slamming down on the gladiator's chest. This surely was death to their favorite, the

stunned multitude thought.

But Lucius was stronger. Despite the hammering pain in his crushed chest, he raised his sandaled foot and slammed it upward between those massive thighs. Rythgo bellowed again, even louder, but this time it held no triumph. *Only agony*.

The gladiator arched, dislodged that huge foot, and he rolled clear. He scrambled clear as the broad-ax missed once more, and now he was ready.

He stood with his right foot advanced, balanced to dance away or lunge forward when the time was right. Rythgo bellowed in outraged pain, slashed at him, tried with his shield again, and each time he missed Lucius pricked him lightly with his sword. This wasn't bravado on his part. Lucius did not intend to commit himself to a hard thrust until he was certain he would not miss. If he did, that heavy blade would smash down and his sword arm could easily fall to the oft-gored sand.

He heard the crowd again. They sounded different and he did not know why. But Rythgo's tactics changed. He charged Lucius, the gladiator retreated, and Rythgo charged again. He seemed to be *herding* him but Lucius couldn't understand why until, from the corner of his eye, he sensed something and half-turned.

Cribus stood there.

He had raised the cages from the spaces beneath the arena to form a barrier or fence against which Lucius was being trapped.

Cribus had discarded all caution now. In his hand he held his Roman sword and he stood to one side, letting Rythgo drive him into their trap. The mob thundered its rage but they would not act in time. The patricians would collect their wagers and set the Praetorian Guard upon the unarmed mob. Once again in Rome there might be rioting and unrest but the greedy nobles did not care.

"Let Rythgo wound you, Lucius!" Cribus called out through the uproar. "Follow the plan and we'll let you live!"

"You treacherous dog!" Lucius snarled, darting a glance at his betrayer. "I will die but I will make you pay the price!"

Without warning he leaped at the Praetorian Captain. His sword glittered beneath the savage swing of Cribus' heavier weapon. Straight and true, it sank into the soft spot below the sternum, an instantly fatal wound!

"*Lucius! Lucius! Lucius!*"

The mob was chanting now, in hysterical joy. The gladiator wrenched his weapon clear, shining redly with blood now, and he faced Rythgo, the barbarian.

70,000 throats opened and their voices called for victory. Rythgo, despairingly raised his broad-ax for one last blow. And he died thus with the sword of the gladiator through his throat.

Two dead men bled out their lives on the floor of the Colosseum as Lucius walked to the bag of gold where he had dropped it. The crowd gradually fell silent as they watched him walk with it toward the Emperor and the patricians clustered around him.

It was absolutely still now. Lucius stopped, looking up, then hurled the sacked gold high in the air at them. In flight, the sack opened and the coins gleamed in the sunlight.

"The ...the guard! Seize him! Behead him now!" the Emperor mouthed the words, frothing spittle in his rage.

Guards raced toward that lone figure standing now with his bloodied sword. Death would be quick, Lucius thought.

But neither he nor the Emperor reckoned with the mob.

Before the guards could reach him and cut him down they came to life.

"No!" the word crashed deafeningly from their single throat. "No!"

The guards paused. Faces contorted with anger stared down. The multitude had been known to revolt before and everyone present knew that the Emperor's sentence would never be carried out.

"He lives!" they thundered.

70,000 hands were upraised. 70,000 thumbs were pointed toward heaven. *They* wanted him to live! And in Rome if the populace were unanimous in a matter of this nature, their wish prevailed.

Lucius walked toward a wall. A ladder led from the arena here. The Emperor watched, his mouth ajar, trembling all over, as Lucius unhurriedly climbed that ladder.

Eager hands helped him the last few feet. Every eye in the Colosseum saw him disappear into the crowd over there. He vanished as effectively as a stone dropped into a bottomless sea. The Emperor's guards would never find him, the ruler knew that and so did the mob.

Someone laughed. Someone else echoed it. And then they were all laughing in joy, clutching the money which the sword of the gladiator had won for them.

Before Rome slept that night, they knew the story. How the patricians had bribed Lucius; how Lucius had been drugged; and they told each other joyfully how there had been a magic power in that slender weapon which had earned Lucius a righteous victory, that glittering, shining sword of the gladiator!



And always the ptarmigan rose, whirling, before him, till their "Ker-ker-ker" became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox, leaping away in fright, did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion sprout no larger than a shingle nail. It was tender, and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. He threw off his pack and went into the rush grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on, not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish, and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could

(continued on page 58)

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EARLY DAYS OF AUGUST

(continued from page 45)

to remember. With me, Hillary, it's not like that. Everything I have experienced I want to forget.

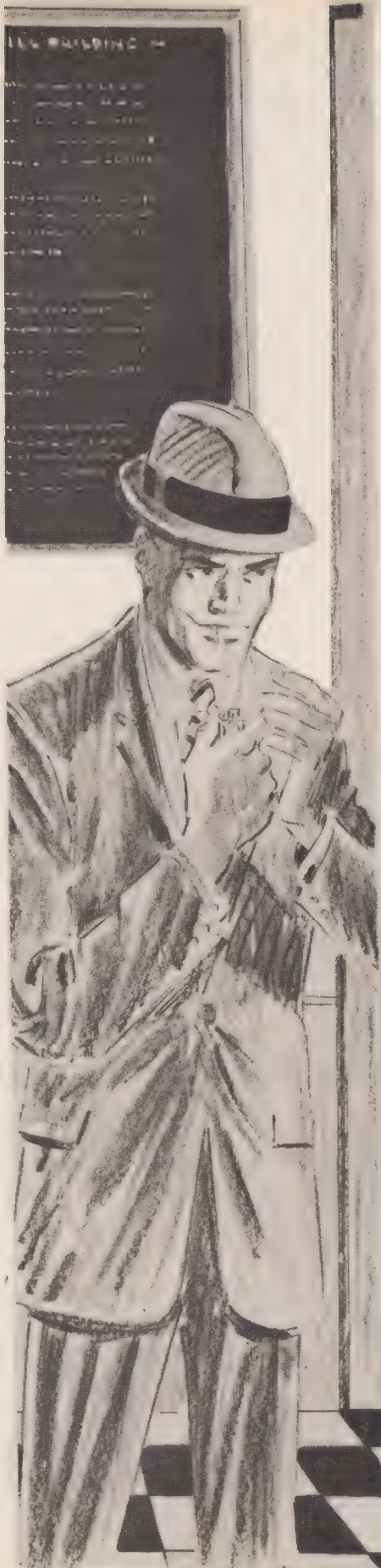
She remained silent as he paused, reached for his cigarettes again and lit one. He offered one to her but she refused by shaking her head. Then he began again, "I was raised by my father. My mother died at an early age. I don't ever remember her. After high school I went into the army. Then I went to college and then I came here. My father died while I was in the army. I have no known family. Except for the army I never left the state of Kentucky until I came here." Then staring deep into her eyes he concluded by saying, "That's all there is that is worth remembering; and the only good thing that has ever happened to me has been meeting you."

When he finished Hillary kissed him affectionately upon the cheek, then slid down and rested her head on his chest. She remained silent for a long while.

Chapter Seven... ♦

It was early afternoon when the plane settled down on the runway at La Guardia and taxied to a stop at the terminal building. August had freshened up on the plane and when it came to a stop he was the first passenger to alight. He went immediately to the baggage area, retrieved his valise, then went directly to the lockers and deposited it there. He went outside, hailed a cab and gave the driver the Fifty-seventh Street address. The cab moved down the ramp onto the parkway. August sat back in the seat and lit a cigarette.

It had not been necessary for him to tell Hillary anything about the trip, for she too was going to be out of town for the weekend. She and her parents were going to attend a relative's wedding in Chicago. She would not be returning until late Sunday evening. She promised to phone him both days, and to compensate for this he had pulled the wires from the phone before leaving this morning. Simply leaving the receiver off the hook was no good. If she continuously received a busy signal from his phone she would



He saw that room 46 was on the fifth floor. The lobby was deserted.

certainly have the operator check it for her. A receiver off the hook for two days would be suspicious. He'd simply tell her that he did not have the occasion to use the phone while she was away and did not realize that it was not operating. No, he would not think it unusual that she did not call after promising that she would. Of course he was concerned, but he'd think that she was simply too busy and he could not discover the problem with the phone until late Sunday morning, and then it being Sunday there would be a delay in having it repaired. He would take the chance that he would be returning before she would.

At Fifty-seventh Street the driver turned left and after a short distance pulled to the curb in front of the address which August had given him. August glanced out through the window and confirmed the address. He paid the driver, stepped from the cab, and without pausing outside the building even momentarily, moved toward the two glass doors. As he pushed them open he observed the building directory just in front of him on the wall and saw that room 46 was on the fifth floor. The lobby was deserted as he proceeded to the self-service elevators. He pressed the button and the door of the elevator to his right opened. He stepped inside and took the elevator to the fifth floor.

Room 46 was to his left as he stepped from the elevator. The sign on the door read: Dr. Jeffrey Carr, Dentist. August opened the door and went inside. The waiting room was small, but elaborately furnished, and had no windows. A receptionist's desk was directly across from the door and was unoccupied, as were the five beige colored leather chairs which were against two of the four walls. August picked up the Sporting News, which seemed conspicuously out of place in the decor of the room, and took a seat in the leather chair nearest the door. Three doors, besides the entrance to the office, opened into the room. There were no sounds escaping from behind any of the doors. August opened the paper and pretended to read.

He had been sitting for only a few moments when one of the three doors opened and a middle-aged woman wearing a white uniform appeared. She smiled at him and inquired, "Mr. August?"

"Yes," he replied, closing the news-

paper and folding it on his lap.

"The doctor will be with you in a moment." She smiled at him again, took five steps and sat down behind the desk, lifted a pen and began writing on the small white pad which rested on her desk in front of her. August fixed his eyes on her but she did not look up, so he unfolded the paper again and opened it to the center page.

No sooner did he begin to read when the same door through which the woman entered opened again and a man in a white jacket stepped out. He was blond, about thirty-five years old, tall and wearing glasses. His shoes were highly polished and the tie which he wore was a blue and white stripe. He too smiled and said, "Won't you come this way, Mr. August?"

August put down the paper, rose and crossed the room toward the man. He stepped aside as August passed through the door. August heard the door close behind him as the man spoke again saying, "Have a seat please." The only chair in the room was the dentist's chair and August moved to it and sat down.

When he was seated the man clipped a napkin around his neck, picked up two of the dental instruments which were on the tray and began examining August's mouth. When he finished he excused himself and stepped behind the screen which was to the right of the chair. August could hear the sound of paper being handled and a moment later the man emerged from behind the screen and removed the napkin from August's neck.

"This way please," the man said as he led August to the second of two doors which opened into the room. August followed after him as he opened the door and motioned for him to pass through.

Inside this room, behind a large desk which was situated in the center of the room, sat Vincent Rule. Rule stood up and extended his hand across the desk toward August, while at the same time saying, "How've you been, Paul? Good to see you again. Your teeth are in good condition anyway." Rule

laughed as he uttered this last remark.

August walked across toward him, took his hand and shook it. "I'm fine. . . never felt better."

"Good. . . sit down." August took a seat in the chair beside the desk. Rule offered him a cigarette but he refused it.

Rule appeared to have lost weight since the last time August had seen him. Also, he had a rasping cough which was not being helped by smoking. The dark circles which outlined his eyes gave the appearance that they were sunk deep in their sockets. There was no color in his face and the skin seemed scaly. Vincent Rule had become a very sickly looking man in the months which had elapsed since their last meeting.

Rule appeared to simply be making conversation while he arranged material on his desk by asking him, "Have you ever been to Switzerland?"

Of course he had never been to Switzerland. Rule knew this. What sort of question was this to be asking? He wondered what would happen if he suddenly said that he had, but instead he took a draw on his cigarette and answered, "No. . ."

"Nice country. . . very nice. Crisp clear air, nice friendly people, beautiful scenery. . . a little expensive though." Then in almost the same breath Rule asked, "How involved are you with Hillary Parker?"

This sudden reference to Hillary caught him off guard. He did, of course, suspect that they periodically checked on him and there was always the possibility of them learning about her, but it was a normal and, above all, private relationship. There was nothing strange or peculiar about it, but they apparently thought so, otherwise Rule would not have made reference to it so quickly and in the manner in which he did, purposely taking him by surprise. In fact, they apparently were quite concerned about his relationship with Hillary. Did they expect him to live like a hermit? Had they not encouraged him to establish social contacts? Probably not the type he had

entered into with Hillary, but what did they expect? All right; he may have become too involved, but they did not forbid him to establish a relationship with a woman, they only cautioned against it.

Then he thought, could it be that they had summoned him to New York because of Hillary? But no, it couldn't be. He had received the telegram before he had even been with her for the first time, so it must be for some other reason that he was summoned. Yet Rule deemed it necessary to inquire about her immediately, even though he had only begun seeing her a week ago.

But August was mistaken; they had indeed forbidden the development of just such a relationship. Relationships such as these lead to attachments and people remembering you. They had not wanted him to be remembered — by anyone.

Rule observed the surprise expression which appeared on August's face. This, accompanied by his silence, made it unnecessary that he reply to Rule's question. Rule already had his answer.

August wondered whom it was that had kept him under surveillance without him becoming aware of it. Then suddenly it came to him. Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it sooner? The instant friend — the one who went out of his way to feign animosity toward the United States. The one who found it unnecessary to inquire about his background, simply because he already knew about it. The only one who could have possibly known how frequently he had been seeing Hillary Parker. Now this someone was so apparent — Luke Norman.

Vincent Rule depressed a button on the intercom which was near his left hand and looked over August's shoulder toward the door. August also turned toward the door, awaiting the appearance of Luke Norman. A moment later the door began to open slowly and silently. And in another moment that someone who had kept him under surveillance was standing in the room — Hillary Parker.

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And this was so especially with the Mannlicher. He knew to a hair what he could do with the Mannlicher. It had become a part of him, like a supplementary sense which imparted confidence. He looked after it, and it looked after him.

But this time in the instant when he had been desperately straining misted eyes to overcome the gloom of the forest, to find the foresight, he had been very near to being benumbed, scuttled. And if, that last time, the Old Man had come all the way, as he had sensed that he was coming, and if Van Zyl had not been there beside him...

But just as his aversion to the whole business of n'gi went further than revulsion, so his determination to stay level with Van Zyl was not wholly a matter of self-respect. He also had the feeling that it was an obligation, that he somehow owed it to him.

'No! I'll get one,' he said suddenly, 'but I'll tell you something. I don't like those bastards one little bit and,' he waved his hand in a brief gesture which took in the forest, 'I like the conditions even less. This bloody awful light puts years on me, in fact this is one situation where the Thompson would make real sense...plus a bagful of grenades for clearing the tunnels.'

Van Zyl chuckled. 'You mean for making sure that nobody was coming the other way?'

'Exactly.'

For a second or two Van Zyl remained silent, smiling, then he said, 'I know what you mean, Englander! I'll let you in on something. I don't like the crocodiles, and I wouldn't like to hunt 'em like you do. Oh, I've done it, and one of these times I'll do it again...come and give you a hand...but I won't like it.'

He struck a match, then blew a puff of cheroot smoke at the circling flies. 'Something to do with the water, I have an antipathy to things which fight in the water, using the water. Still, he's even scared stiff of water with nothing in it.' He nodded towards where the gorilla lay, the great hirsute body covered now with a living mattress of flies heaped one on top of the other where the blood oozed and spread.

Miller shrugged. 'In that case, then, forget it of course...if it's not your cup of tea. Everybody has some kind of a blind spot.'

Van Zyl shook his head. 'No. That's where you're wrong. A white African has responsibilities as well as privileges, if he's worth a damn. You can't have one without the other and be any good. The first time I hunted n'gi it wasn't for the experience, and I needn't have done it. But somebody



had to do it, and there wasn't time for bugging about with officials. I didn't lose by it, and I didn't regret it.'

'The white man's burden?' Miller said with a trace of irony.

'It's real enough, don't make any mistake about it,' Van Zyl said.

Before beginning to work their way down again they made a number of forays along other game trails, but the tunnels they found gave no indications of recent use and if there were families about the Old Men were giving no more vocal clues to their whereabouts. Twice they came upon groups of the beds which, contrary to the popular legend of families sleeping in trees whilst the bulls kept sentry vigil beneath, were ingeniously constructed in, mostly, open clearings. Curiously intricate couch-like affairs of pliant saplings or thick cane bent over about a couple of feet above roots and criss-crossed into a form of mattress covered with fern or leaves, which was well clear of the forest floor.

They came down on to the level of the plain in the late afternoon, and after the gloomy world of the big timber it was like coming out of a tomb into the bright light of the bushveldt and the open savannah.

Miller switched on the spotlight of the Chevrolet. For a fleeting instant before he moved around and cut off the beam with his chest, the light, ranging twenty yards outside the camp, picked up the eyes of a snooping jackal before the little dog could dart away through the grass. He put the muzzle of the Mannlicher against the glass of the lamp, then bent down and squinted up the barrel into the light. The rifling was too well defined, outlined by the satin of cordite. He gave the barrel another push through with the dry wire brush and then wiped the spiral of the brush on a piece of hard twill, which left no fluff strands, before dragging a thin trail of gun oil along it from the flat nozzled tin he had in his shirt-pocket.

He put the oiled brush through the barrel, unscrewed the ferrule and withdrew the rod, then screwed it on again and put it through a second time. He

unscrewed the brush again and took the rod out, then got a new bristle brush from a compartment of the gun case on the seat of the car. He put the new brush through twice, unscrewing it after each ramming so as not to drag back any sediment of carbon, and then had another look.

Funny how the cleaning oil always toned down the relief of the rifling. But it was in perfect shape now, sheened and without any surplus of oil left. M'bolo or Kilumbe could have done the job of course, but this time he preferred to do it himself because tomorrow he was going to use it, and to hell with pistoling. He had already wiped and oiled the magazine. Now he reassembled the rifle, slipping the barrel into the socket of the stock and then pressing in the magazine until it went home with the characteristic click of a component machined to high precision fitting.

He laid the rifle on the seat and went to the tool box, ferreting about until he found the small tin of white enamel with which he had touched up the plates of the Chevrolet after he had first bought it, and which, musing over the light problem, he had suddenly remembered when they were coming back through the forest. He had used most of it, but he only needed one blob anyway. He cut round the skin of the paint with a screwdriver and lifted it out on the blade, then stirred the stuff to a consistency. Using a matchstick he carefully painted the tip of the foresight, then the inside edges of the backsight vee. He stretched open the elastic bottom of the little leather thumbstall-like cap which he used - not merely to keep out dirt, but because the mason-flies had a damned dangerous habit of building nests like concrete in guns left lying around, which had caused more than one nasty accident - and slid the bag over the foresight.

He had deliberately waited until the others had turned in because he didn't propose to go into any argument with Van Zyl about why he was going to use the Mannlicher no-matter-what. But there was a restlessness upon him,

not unconnected with the business of tomorrow, which he knew would have precluded sleep anyway.

He went over to the fire and poured himself half a tin cup of whiskey from the bulbous bottle which still stood on the metal safari box, then lit a cigarette and squatted down. It was a sultry night, with a full moon producing big soft pools of light and deep velvety shadows. A nightjar called harshly and he heard the swish of its wings as it fled across the edge of the camp hunting the moths.

He sat gazing into the fire. Solitude had never bothered him much. Not deliberately, but, for one reason or another, he had been something of a lone wolf for most of his adult life, and after his original gunbearer had deserted, before he had met Van Zyl, he had found company in his campfires for several nights. For there was a kind of company and comfort in the roaring hiss of wood which was not completely dry, and the surge and crackle of the flames when, every now and then, an upper layer of brush subsided into the heart of the pile. But he would have liked to have talked with someone tonight until he had become so damned tired that he would have gone off to sleep as soon as he had bedded down. Inevitably he began to think about the business of tomorrow, the pending test, for that was what it amounted to.

Aaah! To hell with it. As Van Zyl had said, you only foiled trouble by being prepared for it, and he was as prepared now for n'gi as he would ever be. He knew exactly what to expect, what he had to conquer in himself, and he had fixed the gun. He turned his thoughts, consciously, to the future. Van Zyl called his impressive home the Hacienda, which was entirely appropriate to the style of it as well as containing an element of shrewd humour. He, Miller, then, would build himself an Estancia which, if he rightly remembered, also meant a stock-raising establishment, but one which was smaller, less grandiose than a Hacienda.

He would build the house on a hill which commanded a view on all sides, and near a stream. It would not matter how small the stream was providing it was one of the permanent kind which did not gradually devolve into a donga during droughts or the dry season. Given even a minimum constant flow of water it was not difficult to construct a good pond, even small lake, by diverting the stream and then channelling it back into its original course via a sluice gate which would control the depth desired.

Once, when he was a boy, he had helped to build such a pond by al-

tering the course of a tiny burn at the back of the Lodge in Scotland, and they had ended up with nearly an acre of water. Very interesting and damn good fun ultimately. For every time he and his father had gone fishing they had brought back small trout, quarterpounders and fingerlings, in a live-bait can, and in a year or two they had had a well-stocked wee trout loch on which he had learned more about casting a dry fly than anywhere else. Skating in the winter too. Good times! Times, which provided the only recollections which, very occasionally, really made him wonder whether he would like to go home. Yes, a pond was essential.

The conditions here might rule out the proposition of putting down any trout, although not necessarily, for it had been successfully done in some places, but there were African fish which would rise to a fly anyhow. In any event the main point of a pond was for waterfowl, ducks and geese. Chinese geese were always the best bet. Very decorative - swan geese some called them - amazingly good layers and unlike swans, whose flesh was coarse and dark, very good eating. (That was a breakfast for a man, and which would take care of any hang-over incidentally, a good thick cut of fried gammon, say a couple of slivers of calves' liver, fried potatoes and onions and a couple of goose eggs!) And, of course, the tame birds always brought in the wild ones, acted as live decoys for mallard, widgeon, pink-foot geese and other wildfowl.

He finished off the whisky and lit another cigarette. How about the livestock? Well, hogs for sure, and sheep, and goats for goats-milk cheese. He would get first-class advice about the cattle. Van Zyl himself was expert, as he should be, considering his ancestry, and it would be interesting, when one had amassed a bit of capital, to import a bull or two from home, different breeds, and do a few crossbreeding experiments.

The same applied with the crops you would raise. You would get first-class advice to begin with, of course, but there were so many things you could have a crack at, tobacco, sisal, coffee, and what the hell would it matter if you came unstuck at a time or two in the early years of experimenting. A month or two with the crocs would restore the cash balance.

He had always been keen on experimenting, and sometimes you came up with something which confounded the experts. He remembered how, as a lad, he had been told that you couldn't breed tame rabbits which you could set down with the wild ones, and which would survive, because even

if you achieved the right colour, if you put them down too young the wild ones would kill them, and if they were fully grown they would be too old and tame to learn when to bolt. Easy prey for foxes, stoats, and the various feathered predators.

But he had finally done it. Got the right agouti colour by breeding a black English doe - and the point was that under the black they were brown - herself a cross, with a big grey Chin-chilla buck. Then put them down at seven weeks old, when they were just too big, coming from bigger breeds, for the wild ones to kill, and young enough to learn the meaning of sounds, the alarm signals and all the other ways of survival. About half of them, he had reckoned, had succumbed to natural enemies. But the more precocious, or luckier ones *had* established themselves. And the outcome had been the best damn rabbits in the hills, bigger, fatter, reinvigorated by the injection of new blood.

He would raise some oxen too. Just a few. Red, black and white. Of course as one progressed one would willynilly go along with the modern, increasingly mechanized ways of doing things. But oxen belonged on an African farm and there was something right and satisfying in the sight of oxen pulling a plough, a harrow, even if they were less speedy and less efficient. For that matter they didn't break down either, bust a half-shaft or over-heat. The Boers had been great oxen men. He would have loved to have seen them handling their matched teams of ten, twelve, even sixteen beasts. The Great Trek, when they had pushed north all those years ago, Van Zyl's forefathers amongst them, must have been a magnificent achievement. Greater, beyond doubt, than the saga of the covered wagons of the American west, for the Boers had had far more to contend with in almost every aspect.

He would build a hell of a good big stoep to the house, like the stoep of the Hacienda where, in the autumn, you could watch the swallows gathering preparatory to their great migratory trek. The same flocks which, with their cousins, the martins, would return in the spring, and for which you couldn't gainsay a certain sentimental regard because they were so-to-speak your own birds, as well as being a link with the old country.

It wouldn't be a bad idea, too, to plant a few trees here and there around the pond...especially if you were going to have fish in it...white poplars, say, or blue gums, or weeping willows. Or a few of each. Miller got up from the fire, piled on more wood and fetched his sleeping bag to the fireside. He had slammed the door of his conscious mind on the thoughts of tomorrow,

successfully executed a deliberate mental manoeuvre, and he felt a great deal more relaxed.

But his subconscious mind was not yet diverted. An hour later he woke suddenly and sat up with a jerk, conscious of the beads of cold sweat on his brow.

In his nightmare he had known beyond doubt that the Old Man was not going to halt, that he was coming all the way. And by some devious mishap he had lost the Mannlicher... and all the time the gorilla was coming he could not drag the Luger from its holster, it would not come free... and then the Old Man was on him.

* * *

They set out again next morning at about eight o'clock and this time they moved west along the timber line for two miles first before entering the forest.

For a time, working upwards along the game trails, the going was just as tough as it had been the day before. Twice, in fact, when the narrow duiker trails they were following seemed to peter out against walls of bamboo thickets, they were into stuff that was more impenetrable than anything they had encountered formerly. But, paradoxically, after Kilumbe and the Baamba had hacked a way around the fringes of the bamboo patches they seemed to have broken through into a more sparsely vegetated belt where the thick bush and the towering fern and lily clumps kept giving way to little glades.

All the time the Baamba was casting about for gorilla sign; especially when he noticed any patches of aframomum cane, or majap trees, the fruits of both of which were a favourite gorilla food.

Within the green cathedral halls of the clearings the light was sometimes a little better than elsewhere, still approximating twilight but giving better visibility than in the places filled with secondary growth, and it was as they were moving through one of the clearings that they heard the first noise of drumming. It came from somewhere perhaps a quarter mile higher and to their right, subdued at the distance but entirely audible.

Van Zyl turned. 'Well, the luck's still with you. Let's hope he's a real big one, a battleship!'

Miller nodded without returning the other man's grin. There would be no more talking from now on, and he was glad because now the first nerve pricklings had begun, and he wanted to concentrate, and mentally to discipline himself. When Van Zyl was moving ahead of him again he slipped the leather cap off the muzzle of the

Mannlicher and, for the second time without the other man seeing, he took a quick sighting into one of the darker patches, before moving up behind the Afrikaner.

They had been on the move for more than three hours now and the heat was really coming down through the canopy, and then rising again from the forest floor, feeling as if they were wading through an invisible clammy-hot mist which rose to their waists and made their shirts and trousers stick to their bodies as much as if they had had a wetting. The sweat patches under Van Zyl's arms had long since soaked through his shirt, making big pear-shaped stains on the material, but Miller was oblivious to his own discomfort, except when the sweat got into his eyes.

At last, while they were taking a breather, they again heard the drumming they had been waiting for. It was very loud and resonant now, no more than one or two hundred yards ahead. The Baamba cocked his head, listening until the thundering roll abruptly ceased, then pointed at an angle which neither of the white men would have quite supposed. He stood aside and Miller moved up into the lead, transferring the rifle cap to his pocket and thumbing over the catch.

He went forward very slowly now, feeling each step with the toe of his boot, half bending to avoid swishing the overhangs of brush and creepers and holding the rifle with one hand round the end of the wood where the barrel protruded and his other fingers around the trigger guard.

It seemed as if the gorillas must have been moving down to a lower level than their regular feeding area because there had been no sign of tunnellings or beds. By Christ if he could nail the Old Man somewhere here they wouldn't need to go through the claustrophobic horror of the tunnel crawling!

He stole forward, peering everywhere ahead and to either side, because although he could clearly hear the intermittent sounds of them feeding now, he still could not quite pinpoint the spot.

Then, as he was about to move past a tree he froze and drew back against the bole. He felt Van Zyl close behind him but he put a hand around his back and waved him back a step, then edged forward again, pressing himself against the trunk of the tree.

It was not quite a clearing but through the tops of a tall cluster of forest lilies, some of the stalks rising to ten feet, he could see the shaking and waving of the canes where one of them was feeding. He drew back again and let Van Zyl sidle past him to look.

The Afrikaner moved back. He nodded and motioned Miller to proceed, then, as the Englishman was about to creep forward, he tapped him on the shoulder and pointed upward. 'In the tree too...the female,' he whispered.

Miller edged forward slowly, keeping his eye on the place where the canes were being disturbed.

He reached the lilies without making any noise. The Old Man was sitting on the ground with his back towards them. There was a pile of cane ripped from the patch beside him and he was chewing a piece which protruded from either side of his head. Near by, a half-grown youngster, was playing about, and on the other side of the Old Man two nearly adult males, his elder sons, were also tearing at the cane. A few yards to the other side of the bull, the mother of the family, her baby clinging to her back, was standing in one of the upper forks of a big majap tree gathering the oleaginous fruit.

Miller sighted on the bull's back. Thank Christ! He could just about make out the whited blob of the foresight! The distance was about thirty-five yards. For several seconds he held steady. He was quite sure that he could kill the bull where he sat and the temptation, to avoid the fearful dinning and the nerve-racking uncertain business of the charges, was enormously strong. Then he lowered the rifle to the level of his chest and glanced at Van Zyl.

The Afrikaner had already drawn his Luger. He nodded, briefly indicating his readiness. Clearly he was going to leave the business entirely to the guest. His own presence was purely an insurance and the outcome was of much interest to him but Miller was on his own now.

Miller marked the broad yellow leaves of a low bush about eight or ten yards in front of him and directly in line with the Old Man. That was it. No nearer. He braced himself then drew back his lips and whistled loudly through his teeth.

For an instant there was silence, then a gibbering broke out from the young bulls and the female in the tree. The old bull turned with a growl and reared to his feet. He looked bigger and older than the beast Van Zyl had killed the previous day and the patches of greyish white in his fur gave him something of a ghostly look in the gloom.

Waiting for it, tensely, it seemed minutes before the vast rage scream came.

As soon as the bull dropped to all fours and charged Miller swung on him and strove, grunting with concentration, to keep the blob on his head. The gorilla halted short of the

yellow bush and as he came upright, beside himself with rage, Miller found he could just discern the blob against the black shine patch of his chest. He willed himself not to fire and the Old Man turned and retreated just as his kinsman had done yesterday.

Next time, *next time!* End it.

He took a deep breath and whistled again, at the same time waving the rifle above his head. Again the horrific scream rent the somnolent air and the great ape charged, rushing toward them on his feet and the knuckles of his hand.

As he rose erect Miller stopped breathing, his eyes aching with the strain of searching. Then he got the foresight on to the bald patch of chest and moved it down a shade. For a fraction of an instant he held steady, then squeezed. Kilumbe, standing back and to the right of the two white men, heard the tearing slap above the booming echo of the Mannlicher, but to Miller it seemed as if he had missed, for the bull stood motionless, still roaring, then started to come forward.

Frantically now, the fear rising to danger point within him, Miller worked the bolt, concentrated, fired again.

The Old Man ceased to growl but he was still upright, towering, then suddenly he fell forward on to his face as if poleaxed from behind.

Van Zyl blew out a breath. 'Just as well, begod! I believe he was going to break the rules, I think he *was* coming through.'

'It wouldn't have made any difference. I had to take him that time anyway,' Miller said jerkily, 'I don't like the waiting.'

The young bulls were in flight and they could hear them crashing and tearing a way through the undergrowth somewhere ahead, but the big female was still in the tree chattering with fear and indecision. They skirted the body of the Old Man and, as they approached the tree, her guttural gibbering increased.

'Will she have a go at us?' Miller said.

'Not her, she's scared stiff without the Old Man. If you downed her she'd sit still holding her head while you clubbed her to death and not raise a finger. She'll be all right though, the first bull she meets will take her over.'

They went back to the Old Man and with a concerted heave turned him over on to his back. Miller felt the limpness now, his muscles floppy with the anti-climax of relief, but when he saw the bullet holes he experienced a sense of satisfaction. There was no more than an inch between them and both were through the heart, a clean if not instantaneous kill.



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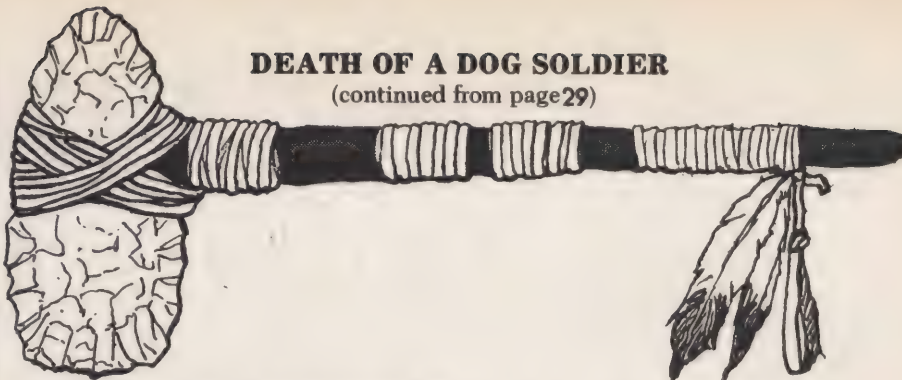
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DEATH OF A DOG SOLDIER

(continued from page 29)



troops moved out in fast pursuit with the Pawnees leading.

The relaxed Cheyennes were not aroused when a column of shouting braves came over the crest of a nearby hill, their rifles exploding. It was the way a successful hunting party announced their return and the bullets flying into the camp were supposedly accidental. But when Blue-coated cavalry followed the braves and the shrill blast of "Boots and Saddles" mingled with the 'Ki-de-de-de' of the Pawnee warriors, the camp went into hysteria.

It was too late to make a stand against the charging enemy, and women, children and remaining braves scattered, each for himself. The Pawnees galloped through the camp on their jaded ponies and cut down the women and children, scalping them as they fell and chopping them to pieces.

Tall Bull rushed into his lodge at the first bugle blast and shot the two white women. Then, hurriedly, he placed his wife and child on his black war horse, leaped on behind and made a dash for a box canyon and looked out over the plain where the howling Pawnees stirred dust in a frantic charge to kill the leader of the Dog Soldiers. They were closing the gap.

Tall Bull went to the war horse, his only means of escape, and drawing his long-bladed scalping knife, plunged it to the hilt into the horse's chest. He turned, and as he watched his pursuers cover ground he pulled the leather strap of the "Hotam' itan' iu" over his shoulder and drove a stake through the tail, fastening it to the ground. He hefted his bulky muzzle loader, checked the charge. A full quiver of arrows was on his back, the bow and hatchet at his feet.

Two Pawnee braves headed the rest and they bore down on him, the "Ki-de-de-de" burbling from their throats, the rifles in their right hands.

Tall Bull calmly sighted on the one to his right, pressed the trigger. The rifle jolted and the brave jerked upright, flipped and sprawled. A second later Tall Bull loosed an arrow and the second Pawnee rolled, clawing at air, the scream strangled in his throat.

They came on, the jaded ponies swinging easily in a gallop. Tall Bull broke the charge with half a dozen arrows and the Pawnee scouts pulled back. Tall Bull waited.

The shouting of Major Frank North and his brother Luther came to Tall Bull and he pulled himself erect. His lips moved and he asked forgiveness of the ghost gods that he was not painted in the proper manner to meet them. He took the few steps to the fallen stallion and plunged his right hand into the welling blood. He planted the hand on his chest and turned to face a new charge with his sacred symbol printed there.

The Pawnees came shooting and Tall Bull spun to the left under the impact of a slug. He recovered and a bullet smashed through his left elbow. The bow dropped from his useless fingers. He scooped up the hatchet and waited. The young warriors of *The People* were safe beyond the South Platte by now. They would sing of Tall Bull and they would live on to fight the white eyes.

Coming in ahead of the others, the first Pawnee warrior received the full impact of the swinging hatchet and he went under without a sound. But they were too many and Tall Bull went to his knees. He struggled up, brought two more braves off their ponies and was wind-milling the hatchet when Major North rode in and put a bullet through his forehead.

Screaming his triumph, a Pawnee scout leaped down, knife in hand, and went for the coveted scalp. Major North stayed him with a shout and Tall Bull was left intact, to join his ancestors as he had died.

The day was won for General Carr. But he had seen Tall Bull die and with respect and misgivings he wrote to General Sheridan in his official dispatch: "...staked to the ground, his only means of escape foiled by his own hands, he fought more bravely than I have ever seen. If the rest are like him, may the Lord have mercy on us."





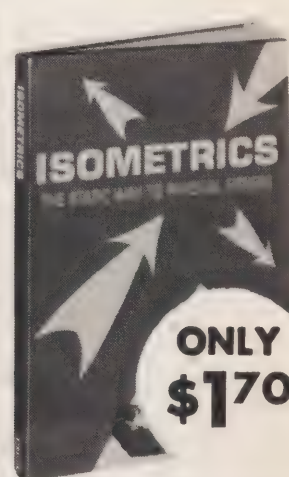
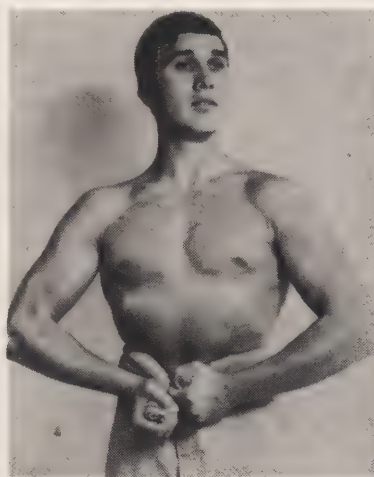
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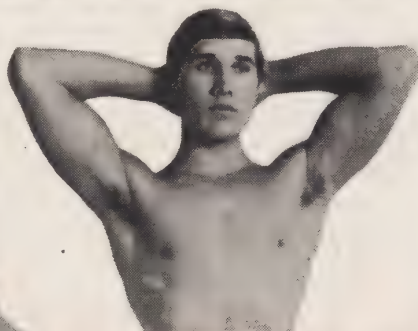
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not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bail the pool. He bailed wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss fuel.

This was a signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward, he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the river Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he

ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night, nor hot water, crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, as far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the river Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also he re cinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain, and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out, and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests, when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had traveled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bail it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat, he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He

had not covered more than ten miles that day; and the next day, traveling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.

Another night; and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moose-hide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold dust and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the river Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks, a day old—little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like eggshells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great outcry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell or rubbing his eyes with his hands when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own—he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to

crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into footwrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly—only—only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

A hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it, and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs of the hunger bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear his vision, and beheld not a horse but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun halfway to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warring thump, thump, thump.

Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him? He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up, and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran, he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled, savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves, in packs of two and three, crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides, they were hunting the caribou, which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The debris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The

sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp, and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He traveled in the night as much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He, as a man, no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become blunted, numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream nor this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak, bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision or a mirage—more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight

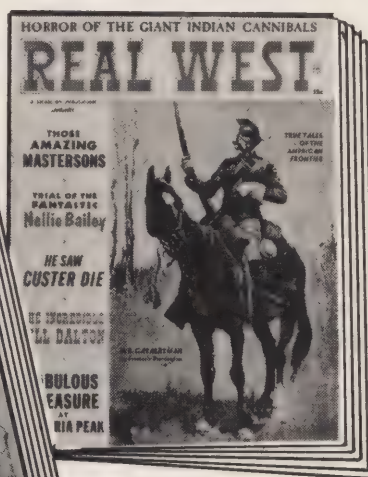
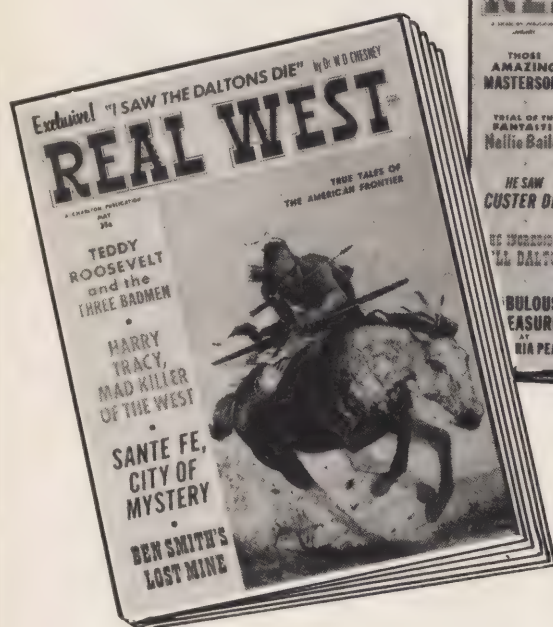
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It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm.

of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of a shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the empty rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him—a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he made out the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and bloodshot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffed and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But the sea still shone in the distance and the ship was plainly discernible. Was it reality after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson's Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket wrappings, and

his feet were shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak, he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants legs to the knee and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what he foresaw was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss he found he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary healthy red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woebegone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice that achieved no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian summer of the high latitudes. It might last a week. Tomorrow or next day it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along and soon came to the end of it—a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha-ha! He would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased suddenly.

How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill?

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill, would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been

stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid, because of his great weakness, that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift logs which lined its sandpits.

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two—for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he had padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once, glancing back, he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be—unless—unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played—a sick man that crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship was no more than four miles away. He could see it distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile and yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of death

he defied death and refused to die.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again, by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear, slowly drawing near and nearer, the wheezing intake and output of the wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out—or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swift and certitude require strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased; the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the wolf, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth of the man was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, and it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whaleship *Bedford*. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was

moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive but which could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whaleship *Bedford*, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at mealtime. He was haunted by a fear that the food would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazaret to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and he swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man they knew. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and, like a mendicant, with outstretched palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They let him alone. But they privately examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the *Bedford's* anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.



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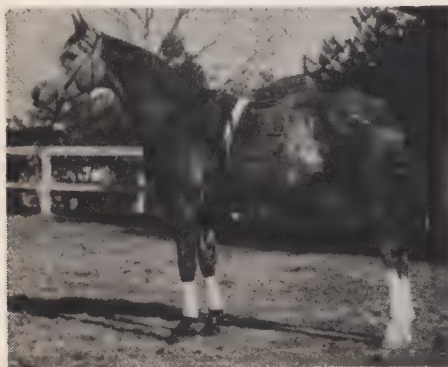
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middle-aged gentleman who welcomed us with typical old world courtesy and charm. Dr. Monteiro was to be our guide and so it was necessary to first establish some linguistic bond between us. After a bit of rather confused experimentation, we found a common vocal ground in French, which my wife contaminated with an American school accent and our host spoke with a Portuguese lilt. Combined with my few abominably pronounced Spanish words and a kind of sign-language charade at which I proved to be much more proficient, we managed to understand each other with little trouble.

Our first impression of the huge breeding farm was one of severe and absolute cleanliness. Attended and cared for by soldiers of the realm the horses, the barns and all surrounding areas were completely spotless, odorless and clean, the buildings seemingly freshly painted, the paddocks and grounds newly raked, and the horses just groomed and gleaming in their varicolored satiny coats.

Huge, long, spotless barns held seventy five to a hundred stallions each, stabled next to each other in open stalls. Their quiet manners astounded me. Stallions of almost any other known breed are kept in box stalls and usually distant from each other or they turn fractious and savage. In explanation Dr. Monteiro told us that Lusitanos are selected generation after generation for four important factors; calm temperament ranks first, then unimpeachable courage, complete trainability and willingness and lastly, specific conformation with a definitive standard as the yardstick of worth.

The first three necessary virtues are of the spirit and mind, the last is, of course, physical, but all come down genetically through innumerable centuries from a basic gene reservoir, formed by the cross breeding of Arabs from the desert and Barbs of the Berber



An Arabian stallion at the Government Lusitano Stud Farm, Fonte Boa. The horse of the desert is sometimes used in Lusitano breeding to retain the classic type.

mountains, and this was the fountain-head of the breed and the true heritage of the Lusitano.

We saw almost seven hundred magnificent animals, all the stallions easily approachable. The finest of them were paraded for us by their neatly uniformed attendants using strange bridles that were traditional, like the saddles and the costumes their riders wore in the bull ring. Specific points of conformation were brought to our notice by Dr. Monteiro, the short back, long legs, crest of neck and width between the eyes. The horses were mostly dappled grays and chestnuts with a few bays, browns and blacks. Fleet, magnificent, filled with fire, yet exceedingly tractable and willing they were, in every sense, the epitome of equine beauty and light horse utility.

Dr. Monteiro also showed us a number of exquisite Arab stallions, true steeds of the desert, imported from Arabia. And, bigger and heavier, yet noble and with the look of eagles, were the fine thoroughbred stallions of English breeding. These animals are used for judicious outcrossing to retain certain wanted virtues in the Lusitano strain.

The learned doctor explained that the original Lusitanos, derived from selected Arab and Barb crosses, were too small, only thirteen to fourteen hands high. Over a long period of time, through selection, greater height was attained but was difficult to hold. By breeding into the strain fine, large thoroughbred stock from time to time, size, speed and length of leg is held. Arabs are occasionally used to mold head beauty, stamina, classic type, and intelligence. But the outcross Arab and thoroughbred stallions used for these purposes must meet the same rigid tests for character, quiet dignity and trainability that are a part of the heritage of the Lusitano.

We learned from Dr. Monteiro, that in ancient Spain of the thirteenth century when bull fighting originated, it was initially a sport of noble knights and the bulls were fought from horseback not on foot as they are there today.

The withdrawal of royal patronage in the eighteenth century signalled an end of fighting from horseback and a catering to the common mass of people through the more personal, on foot and individually dangerous, approach. The sport, as practiced in Portugal, was revived in Spain in 1923 by Cavalry Captain Antonio Cavero. Still not as popular with Spaniards as the dramatic "moment of truth" when the matador, on foot, lowers his muleta and brings el toro in for the kill, the beauty of the horses and their brilliant maneuvers are winning new converts yearly. The horses used by the Spaniards are called



Dr. Jose Monteiro driving the traditional carriage behind four young Lusitanos being broken to harness.

Andalusians and are basically the same, in breeding and performance, as the Lusitanos.

The big differences between the Spanish and Portuguese appearance and performance in the arena is the costumes and the end result of the performance. In the Spanish version the man on horseback wears the dress of the cowboys of Andalusia and he must, after planting the banderillas, attempt to kill the bull from the saddle, using a lance (rejon de muerte) or a sword.

We rode in a carriage of ancient and traditional design drawn by four young Lusitanos in the process of being trained to serve man. We watched the great horses jumping and learning the rhythmic, fantastic measures of the haute école. We saw the bands of lovely mares with their colts and the weaned colts and yearlings, even at this early age approachable, fearless, and calm. We learned that if they have not exhibited the perfect temperament by the time they are three that the stallions are gelded and, with fillies of like characteristics, sold. Then, those that are selected for breeding are registered and their names entered in the Lusitano Stud Book. The stallions are available for breeding to privately owned Lusitano mares of quality at a nominal fee.

While absently but politely commiserating with our driver over his painful arthritis, we drove away, retaining a vision of equine beauty that conjured up the barbaric splendor of wild Moorish and Saracen horsemen and the mounted pageantry of ancient kings and queens of Portugal. And we knew that nowhere in the world, except perhaps in Spain, do there exist equines that can rival the beauty, brains and character of the horse of great courage, the horse of Portugal, the Lusitano.



**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler — proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really here's why: I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 16 A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European cars!

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car!" Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. **NOW** you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW! Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year. However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. Dept. 795
550 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036**

Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____

() C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

Tired of Being 'SKINNY'?

DRINK ON POUNDS OF WEIGHT FAST

—THE FUN WAY!



Gains of up to a Pound-A-Day proven by thousands

It's Here! It's Delicious! The new taste sensation "CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN PLAN" helps you drink on pounds...Up to A-POUND-A-DAY while you rest...Relax...watch TV. See measurable gains instantly and say goodbye to your skinny, undesirable String-bean body. NOW!

It's simply wild...AND IT WORKS!

You too can follow this amazing Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan and drink on as much as a pound a day...to help flesh out your bones...fill out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms, and spindly legs. Skinny people are undesirable...they look sickly. Say goodbye to your string-bean looks with this sensational new plan—NOW!

No more bloating yourself with rich, heavy foods to force-feed calories into your system. No exhausting, complicated exercises...just drink 4 delicious glasses of natural-organic Crash-Weight Formula #7 daily in addition to your regular meals. Follow Crash Weight Plan as directed in the free booklet and you can drink on (in delicious, milkshake tasting form) mixed with usual household food ingredients up to 3500 calories along with your regular calorie intake. Then, take it easy...while you relax, snooze or watch TV...this calorie-packed weight-training drink and the Formula #7 Plan does all the work, piling on weight for you.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Use the no-risk coupon below
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

JOE WEIDER with over 2,000,000 successful students
531-32nd Street Dept. 207-118K4
Union City, N. J. 07087

Dear Joe:

I want to join the WEIGHT-GAINABLES. Enclosed find \$..... for your Crash Weight Formula #7 Plan which I have checked below. I understand your Money Back Guarantee applies only if I order my Plan through this coupon!

Check one of the Plans below:

- ☐ 7-Day Supply of Crash Weight #7 Plan...\$ 7.50
☐ 14-Day Supply of Crash Weight #7 Plan...\$14.98
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

HERE'S LIVING PROOF IT WORKS—FAST!

USED WITH AMAZING RESULTS BY TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FOR MORE THAN 7 YEARS! NOW, YOU TOO CAN TAKE THIS GUARANTEED WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR CALORIC INTAKE FOR FAST AND SUBSTANTIAL WEIGHT GAINS!

gains 18 pounds in 14 days!

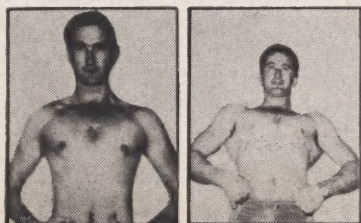
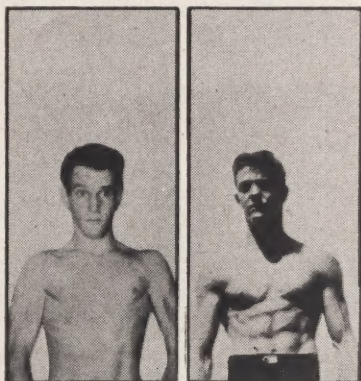
The "before" photo shows how Larry Chamel looked without the added weight he needed so badly. The "after" photo shows Larry 14 days after he started the Crash-Weight Plan and gained 18 pounds. He writes: "What more could a guy ask for? All I did was add 4 glasses of Crash Weight Formula #7 to my regular meals, follow Joe Weider's Plan and I gained a tremendous 18 pounds in two weeks!"

SHOULDN'T THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

gains 14 pounds in 14 days!

James Parker of Ft. Worth, Texas writes: "It's Fantastic—I went from 158 to 172 pounds in 14 days. Gained 14 pounds in 14 days and added 2 inches to my chest. I'm more than satisfied."

WHY NOT YOU?



THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY KIT!

This is a 1-day supply of Crash-Weight, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier!



You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there? You want it easily...enjoyably...without stuffing yourself and counting calories?—

NOW YOU CAN

See the Yellow Pages of your 'phone book.

IN CANADA: Joe Weider 2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Que.

"CRASH-WEIGHT" AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL HEALTH STORE

WORLD'S FIRST EFFORTLESS EXERCISER!

Perfected by a leading physician—to give you a new body
and a new heart in just two easy minutes a day.

Let us repeat this fundamental fact again: This revolutionary new exerciser is so easy to use
that you may not believe it could possibly do you any good when you first try it.

Yet it is designed to make you look years younger—in other words, slimmer and taller and stronger—virtually overnight. And especially to make that "Middle-Age Stomach," and "Middle-Age Slouch," and "Middle-Age Legs" go for good—in far less time every day than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette. And—most important of all—IT MAKES YOUR BODY AS YOUNG INSIDE AS OUT! Totally different—far more effective than mere isometrics, in just two minutes a day it gives your heart and lungs the work-out they so desperately need. Gets your blood flowing strong and hard again. Cleanses your circulation. Tones up your heart muscles. Pours new reserves of oxygen into your blood stream—so you SOAR WITH ENERGY the entire rest of that day.

Here's how incredibly easy it is. Here's why two thrilling minutes, this new doctor's way, may give your body as much benefit—inside and out—as A FULL HALF HOUR, the old sweat-and-strain way...

THE BASIC IDEA IS THIS: To Make Health-Building, Body-Molding Exercise SO QUICK AND EASY THAT YOU CAN STICK TO IT FOR GOOD.

Quite frankly, the development of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER is based on this simple fact: That every single man and woman in America needs the right kind of exercise every single day—but just doesn't have the time or energy to sweat-and-strain for it the old-fashioned way.

Let's leave aside for the moment the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE makes most men and women look middle-aged by the time they reach their late twenties. Because their stomach muscles go... their back muscles go... their chest muscles go... and they walk around looking like tired pretzels, and envying the tall, straight teenagers that tower over them.

Let's leave aside the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE causes most of the people you know, most of the time, to live constantly on the very border-line of fatigue—just too darned tired to really enjoy life.

Let's concentrate instead for sixty seconds on one brutal fact that most people spend their entire lives avoiding: That this same UNDER-EXERCISE is one of the prime causes of a whole host of diseases—including high-blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, hardening of the arteries and, above all, heart attack—the Number One killer of our time.

This sets up chest pain, shortness of breath, possible heart attack. The big problem, therefore, is to BROADEN those vital heart arteries again. This can be done only by making your heart PUMP HARDER THAN USUAL every day. And therefore it is the prime reason you should exercise EVERY SINGLE DAY.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

In Two Ways:

Sixty Seconds For Your Upper Body.
Sixty Seconds For Your Lower Body.

And now, let's picture your first session with this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER.

It looks, of course, like a huge clothes pin. It is ultimately simple—nothing to assemble—ready to go the instant you take it out of the box—nothing more than a single steel spring with handles. Therefore, it is impossible to break—needs no skill, ability, strength or experience to use at all.

It is, in fact, so gentle that it can be used by anyone up to ninety years of age in complete safety—even, when properly supervised, by patients recovering from heart attack. You will realize WHY, the very first moment you use it:

Here's all you do: Simply release the snap at the bottom of the EXERCISER, that holds the handles together. Immediately, the handles will start to spread apart in your hands. Now simply reach up and close the handles together, till your palms touch. Then let them open again. And then reach up and close them.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You are simply opening and closing the EXERCISER, with a circular motion, in front of your body. Once again—the first time you perform this motion, you will think it is absurd. It is simply too fast... too gentle... too easy to do!

But then—as you do five of these motions... ten of these motions... twenty of these simple motions—you will notice a transformation beginning to spread through your entire upper body. In the first thirty seconds alone, THIS is what you will realize—

A Full Inch Seems To Have
Disappeared From Your Waistline
(And Been Added To Your Height)
In The First 30 Seconds Alone!

1. YOUR SHOULDERS AUTOMATICALLY MOVE BACK. Every time you open and close this

EFFORTLESS EXERCISER, you are working against the tension of its steel spring. Although that tension is purposely designed to be so gentle you hardly feel it, you will notice that your shoulders react to it immediately. Your shoulders automatically move forward as you open the EXERCISER... automatically thrust back as you close it—and always against the gentle tension of the spring.

This simple motion is designed to correct, first of all, the hours of hunching over you do every day at a desk, typewriter, or wheel of a car. Now, suddenly, without your paying any conscious attention to them at all, your shoulders are strengthened and pushed back. At the close of every one of these gentle movements, you are automatically standing at attention—with your entire body raised to its full height—standing as you see a soldier stand... or a football player... or (if you are a woman) as a ballerina stands.

And this is just the beginning—For at exactly the same time—

2. YOUR CHEST AUTOMATICALLY THRUSTS FORWARD. YOUR WAISTLINE AUTOMATICALLY PULLS IN. We ask you to do these EFFORTLESS EXERCISES, from the very first day, in front of a mirror. Look at yourself sideways in that mirror. Notice that as your shoulders move back, your chest must push out to compensate for them, and your stomach must pull in to support it. Again—you are not thinking about your waist muscles at all—but they are moving in... tightening up... leaving only air where flab was just seconds before!

And it's still only the beginning. For now comes the real payoff:

3. YOUR HEART AUTOMATICALLY BEGINS TO PUMP HARDER. YOUR LUNGS AUTOMATICALLY BREATHE DEEPER. This is the true goal of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER. For you are going to do these simple, gentle, circular motions sixty times every day—one every second—a total of one minute a day for your upper body. Although they are effortless in the beginning, they take enough work in that final exhilarating thirty seconds to MAKE YOUR HEART WAKE UP AND COME ALIVE AGAIN!

You can believe this: At the end of that first thirty seconds alone, you'll see the results you've wanted (and your doctor has wanted) for years. Your lungs will be breathing deeply—good clean oxygen will be pouring into them; supercharging them for the entire day to come. Your face will be flushed and glowing; you'll have a better "facial treatment" than any two hours, or \$20, could ever buy you at a beauty parlor.

And, above all, YOUR HEART WILL BE SENDING BLOOD SURGING THROUGH EVERY ARTERY AND VEIN AND CAPILLARY IN YOUR BODY! Feel your pulse. It's probably beating half again as fast as it was a minute before.

And this is exactly what that doctor wants to get from you! He wants to move that pulse into full gear—coax that heart into cruising (instead of idling) speed AT LEAST ONCE A DAY! To flush poisons out of your blood stream... pour oxygen in... STRETCH those arteries to life... make them tougher, smoother... MORE ELASTIC! AND BUILD ANOTHER TWENTY, THIRTY OR EVEN FORTY YEARS OF YOUTH AND HEALTH INTO YOUR BODY!

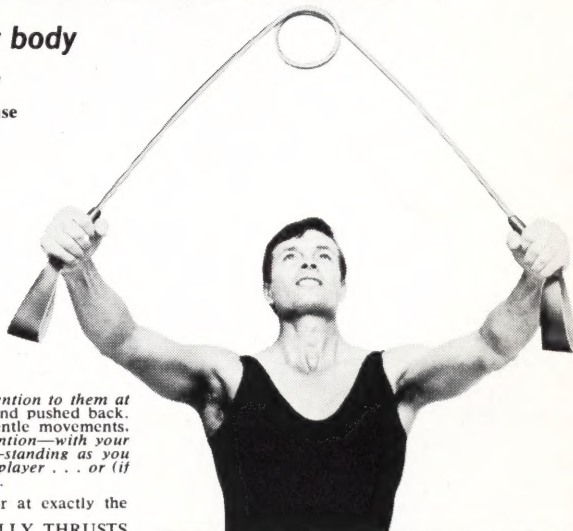
And now let's do the same thing for your lower body—

Far Better Than A Portable Rowing Machine
—To Make Your Hips And Thighs Look
Younger... Stronger... Longer!

Now you do the same thing for your hips, legs and thighs. You simply sit down on the floor... attach the straps on the handles to your feet... and again make simple circular closing motions with the EXERCISER—this time with your feet.

Again, the first one or two motions are so easy that you simply can't believe they're doing you any good. But then you notice the muscles of your abdomen automatically beginning to pull in and tighten. You feel the driving muscles of your legs tense and then relax and then tense again with every motion—putting new power and stamina into those legs that will keep you zipping along all day and all night, even when your friends are willing like dying flowers all around you.

You will also notice—in that very first minute alone—that dozens of tiny, vital muscles in the back of your thighs and hips that were almost impossible for you to



A SPECIAL NOTE FOR MEN!

Now you don't have to be strenuous to be strong. Here's physical fitness made easy—a Power-Packed Body in exactly 120 seconds a day! Puts muscle on where you want it—takes flab off where you want it. Gives you strong muscular legs that never tire—iron stamina, inside and out. Prove it yourself: improve your athletic performance so much that you can drive a golf ball 15 yards farther! Try it entirely at our risk—TODAY.

exercise before, are now coming to life again... beginning to iron out those hanging, "washboard ridges" of flesh that caused you to wince everytime you slipped into a bathing suit.

And, most important of all, when you slip off the EXERCISER straps just 60 seconds later, not only will you have recharged your legs, thighs, hips and stomach—but your heart and lungs as well! For the second time in two brief minutes, you will have given your entire circulatory system the FLUSHING OUT, BUILDING UP workout it so desperately needs. And you will have done it all—top and bottom, inside and out—all the exercise you need for the entire day—in far less time than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette.

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—SEND NO-RISK COUPON TODAY—

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Gentlemen! Yes, I want to try your EFFORTLESS EXERCISER in the privacy of my own home—entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price shown below. I understand that I may use the Exerciser(s) for thirty full days, and then, if I am not ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED, I may return it for full refund of list purchase price.

☐ Check here for MAN'S Effortless Exerciser, only \$11.98

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only \$1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____

(Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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"Look who's smiling now!"

"The department head's job had just been left vacant. When the boys in the office learned I was gunning for it, they gave me their widest grins. One thing they didn't know: I had made up my mind sometime back to take LaSalle training that would qualify me for a better job. My study paid off so fast it surprised even me—I was picked for that shiny promotion over everyone's head. Who wouldn't be smiling with a neat new \$1,500 increase!"

LA SALLE'S FILES are filled with letters with this kind of story from LaSalle graduates who have rapidly climbed the ladder of success. You, too, can qualify for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study—without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for more than half a century. It has enrolled more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many types of training courses. LaSalle's distinguished faculty includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. That's why your training is in good, experienced hands... why your LaSalle diploma will be respected by employers.

Mailing the LaSalle coupon below may be the first step in getting a better job, higher pay, and all of the good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, and we will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Mail the coupon to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, **FREE** booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

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- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

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- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Sales Management

REAL ESTATE

- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

- ☐ Complete Training

LAW COURSES

- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers

STENOTYPE

- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES

- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration, Heating
- ☐ Diesel

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt. Truck, Air, Rail, Sea

DRAFTING

- ☐ Complete Drafting

INTERIOR DECORATION

- ☐ Professional Training

ART TRAINING

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Oil, Water Color Painting
- ☐ Complete Training

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

- ☐ French
- ☐ Spanish

MUSIC INSTRUCTION

- ☐ Piano
- ☐ Guitar
- ☐ Other: _____

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Computer Programming
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Stenotype

Name Age Apt. No.

Please print carefully

Address County

City & State Zip No.

Occupation Working Hours A.M. P.M.

Interested in a career not listed? Write here: _____